

823
H692f
v4





LIBRARY
OF THE
UNIVERSITY
OF ILLINOIS

823
H692f
v.4

The person charging this material is responsible for its return to the library from which it was withdrawn on or before the **Latest Date** stamped below.

Theft, mutilation, and underlining of books are reasons for disciplinary action and may result in dismissal from the University.

UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS LIBRARY AT URBANA-CHAMPAIGN

OCT 9 1979

SEP 20 1979

JAN 11 1988

L161—O-1096







FORTITUDE AND FRAILTY ;

A Nobel.



IN FOUR VOLUMES.

INSCRIBED TO THE
REVERED MEMORY OF HER LAMENTED FATHER,

BY

FANNY HOLCROFT.

VOL. IV.



London :

Printed by W. CLOWES, Northumberland-court, Strand,
FOR W. SIMPKIN AND R. MARSHALL, STATIONERS'-COURT,
LUDGATE-STREET.

1817.



FORTITUDE

AND

FRAILTY.



CHAPTER I.

*The History of Alexander Lemaire
continued.*

HAVING parted with Mr. Harlieb and his lovely daughter, the new and delicious sensation which had suddenly seized on my soul yielded for a while to the passion by which it had been solely engrossed. Agnes, her father, nay, objects the most sacred and revered, were swept away by the overwhelming torrent of enthusiasm; and, if their forms occasionally floated on the surface, they were again borne down by its impetuous swell.

After a journey that appeared to me endless, we entered the territories of France.

My heart beat with admiration and awe, mingled with rapturous delight ! Nor did it less exult that I (as a Frenchman) might claim a share, however inconsiderable, of that admiration which my countrymen extorted. As I approached the capital, the patriotic exultation that filled my soul was damped by the consciousness that I had disobeyed an indulgent parent's serious and only command, and by the fear of incurring his just reproaches ; but this overwhelming fear was again lost in the still more awful sensations which the gloomy aspect of public affairs excited, and my exultation was changed to apprehensive alarm by the fatal blow that seemed to threaten our freedom, as it were, in its infancy, and aim at the destruction of its most zealous guardians. It was on the evening preceding the capture of the Bastille I arrived. Rumours of popular discontent, and well-founded alarm, at the refusal of the king to remove the foreign troops that were stationed in the environs of Paris, had reached us on the road ;

and, though tranquillity seemed to be restored in the city, an indignant gloom pervaded the minds of the Parisians, and they were determined, if driven to extremity, to defend their liberties at any risk.

On my arrival, I engaged a bed at the inn at which we put up ; it was too late to proceed to the village where my father lived ; beside, I wished to prepare him for my unexpected return, lest the surprise should be too great. I therefore wrote a few lines, which I gave to a messenger to take early in the morning. Then, being unable to calm my agitated spirits, or compose my wearied limbs to rest, I took my hat, and rambled through the streets, which were now beginning to be deserted, unconscious whither I went, till I sauntered to the remotest part of the city.

I was soon roused, however, from my painful reverie. In passing the end of a narrow court, I heard the clashing of swords, and, by the light of a lamp, I saw a man, whose back was turned to me, defending

himself against two armed ruffians. I had, unfortunately, left my sword, cane, and pistols, at the inn; but I instinctively flew to the stranger's assistance. He stood his ground manfully, but the contest was too unequal. "Villains! turn your arms against me!" I exclaimed, placing myself beside the stranger. He turned his head: his benign and venerable countenance formed a striking contrast to the vigor with which he defended himself against his ruffian assailants. Merciful Heaven! that countenance was too deeply impressed on my memory to be forgotten; the blood ran cold to my heart. It was my father whom I beheld, whose life was in the hands of vile assassins. With the fury of a lion I sprang on the villains, one of whom, on my exclamations, had quitted his prey to turn upon me. I was a good wrestler. Desperation nerved me with giant strength: I grappled with the ruffian, who drew me further into the passage, secured his weapon, and, being unwilling to shed the blood even of an assassin,

suffered him to escape. Having put him to flight, I once more hastened to the rescue of my father. It was a timely release; his strength was nearly spent, and the murderous sword was pointed at his breast. Had I not been at liberty to spring on the fell ruffian, who wounded me slightly in the shoulder,—had I not disarmed and thrown him with violence to the ground, where he lay, stunned by the fall,—I should have had the agony to have seen the most beloved and affectionate of parents perhaps expire, before he could have recognised the son whose disobedience, by the divine interposition of Providence, was the instrument of a father's salvation! For a few seconds the overwhelming transport of my soul deprived me of all power of utterance: my father, breathless with the desperate struggle, leaned against the wall. The loneliness of the place, the lateness of the hour, and the chance that the first ruffian might return (and not alone), soon roused me to exertion. “Lean on me, dear sir,” said I, in a tremu-

lous voice, gently leading him to the open street; "our safety requires that we should leave this place without delay. I hope you are not hurt."

"No," replied my father, who did not immediately recognise his Alexander (whom he supposed to be in a foreign land, and whom he had last seen a boy) in the young man who walked by his side, "I have fortunately escaped without injury from the ruffians' hands; but I fear, my brave deliverer, that you are wounded. Were my son, my gallant-souled Alexander, here, he would bless you as the deliverer of his father. Dear affectionate boy! it is he that makes the gift of life a blessing! But, pray ease my mind; inform me if you, like me, have escaped unhurt?"

That my father should think of me at such a moment, in terms so affectionate, and with approbation so glowing, at the very time that I had acted in open defiance of his will, gave me a pang of conscience so severe that it shook my frame. "You

tremble, sir," continued my father, in the tone of alarm; "I fear you are wounded, and I shall indeed be grieved if I have endangered your safety."

"The wound I have received is trifling," said I, gathering courage from the tenderness I had invariably experienced from the most affectionate of parents; "but that which an honored father will inflict on his culpable but most fortunate son, if he withholds his pardon, will be mortal to my peace!"

"Gracious Heaven! what is it you mean? Dare I trust the ecstatic surprise? Your emotion! Those faltering accents!—Surely my fond foreboding heart cannot deceive me! It is—it must be ——."

"Your Alexander, my father! who has dared to disobey the only command you imposed, and who, guilty as he feels himself, cannot lament an act of disobedience which has been the blessed means of preserving a life so precious. But that does not lessen

my criminal temerity. May I hope for your pardon?"

We fell into each other's arms. "Alexander, my brave son!" exclaimed the venerable sire, "thou hast more than my pardon; thou hast my warmest approbation! Never was filial disobedience so nobly atoned! Never had filial temerity a more generous excuse! It was the hand of Providence that guided thy steps to a father's rescue; but, had thy life fallen a sacrifice to thy generous courage, mine would have been a dreary blank. The fears I entertained for your safety, dear Alexander, impelled me to resist your urgent entreaties, and withhold my secret sympathy; yet I, though in the winter of life, was fired with little less ardor than yourself in the cause of freedom. The scenes that have been acting of late in the metropolis would not suffer me to indulge in selfish indolence, and sit at home, indifferent to the preservation of the citizen's dearest rights, while my friends

and countrymen braved the gathering storm. After spending nearly sixty years in an unruffled calm, I have embarked on a tempestuous ocean, on which the bold adventurer may soon or late perish. I hoped to have anchored my son in a safe harbour; but, since he disdains that safety which would exclude him from the glorious privilege of making every personal sacrifice for his country, to rank among her gallant patriots, I blush at my cowardly fears, and proudly take him to my heart, as the hope of my declining years, and as a worthy volunteer in the cause of freedom and humanity. To that benign Providence, which has watched over a life comparatively worthless, I consign my Alexander; and, if I may trust my fond hopes, his career will be long and glorious: but should these hopes meet with a cruel blight, should he fall in so blessed a cause, no murmur shall escape a wretched father: my tears shall flow unrestrained; but my voice shall be raised in gratitude to

Heaven, that gave me a son worthy to make them flow !”

We returned together to the inn at which I had taken my lodging, and the remainder of the night was spent in mutual inquiries and unreserved confidence, except that timid love and the awful crisis of the times sealed my lips respecting my adored Agnes. To make my own selfish gratification the theme of discourse, when the general safety seemed to be endangered, would have been unworthy him who aspired not only to a place in the affections of an angel, but to the esteem of his fellow-citizens. I waited for a more auspicious moment to solicit a father's sanction to my future union with the daughter of my honored friend. My shoulder was so slightly hurt that it required no dressing ; and I almost regretted that the preservation of a beloved parent had been purchased at so little personal loss.

Never was I more deeply impressed with a sense of the Divine Goodness, of that impenetrable Wisdom which governs this vast

universe, extracting good from evil, and, by an admirable combination, from causes apparently trivial producing effects the most important and beneficial! Never did my heart glow with gratitude more ecstatic toward my Creator, or with a more fervent zeal to discharge the mighty debt, by devoting my life, if necessary, to the happiness of the human race, and the welfare of my fellow-citizens. I was elevated to a height of ideal glory, from which sober reason vainly warned me to descend. In imagination I rivalled the most celebrated patriots of ancient and modern times; and I saw the glowing visions of my boyish fancy realized! It was a soul-intoxicating dream, from which I never wished to wake!

The next morning, in company with my father, who would not suffer me to incur one risk in which he did not share, I joined the deputation of Parisians that waited on the governor of the Bastille. The issue of their conciliatory remonstrances, and the treachery of M. de Launay, are well known.

We were among those unfortunate citizens on whom the satellites of despotism fired, and among the few who by miracle did not perish, though a bullet grazed my shoulder, and another passed through my father's hat without hurting him. You must be too well acquainted with the effects of the popular indignation to need my feeble description of the events of that memorable day; but, as far as I bore a part in those events, I will slightly sketch them to you.

Driven to desperation by so black an act of treachery, an act from which they were led to expect the most sanguinary measures on the part of their oppressors, an undisciplined multitude, roused to energy almost supernatural, with the assistance of the French guards, in a few hours, wonderful to relate! forced that stupendous fabric of despotism, which had resisted the arms of the great Condé, and stood a regular siege of three weeks, to surrender. In the course of the attack I was slightly wounded; I was twice separated from my father,

and again had the happiness to save his life.

The fate of De Launay was merited by his treacherous and dastardly conduct; but that of his major, M. De Losme Lalbrai (whose humanity was attested by a gentleman who had been five years a prisoner in the Bastille), and the blood that was shed by popular fury, excited the regret of every true patriot; while the memory of those who braved the popular rage to save their devoted victims will be cherished and revered. How bitterly has that regret since been increased, and how often has our indignation been roused, by those acts of savage barbarity that have disgraced a revolution, which in its beginning gave a fair promise of being conducted with exalted virtue and wisdom. Yet, though the hopes which it kindled have met with frequent and bitter disappointments, none but the confirmed misanthrope will be wilfully blind to the good which has been achieved, or the ponderous mass of evil which has been removed. Nor can we

rationally doubt that great and lasting benefit will accrue, when the fearful mischiefs that have arisen out of anarchy shall subside into order and unanimity. Whether the government be republican or monarchical, if the people have a free voice, and are unanimous in progressive reform, no true lover of his country can lament that revolution, which we will hope has laid the basis of rational freedom, and of future national prosperity.

While the Parisians exulted in the capture of the Bastille, the wretched victims who groaned in its gloomy cells were forgotten in the deliriums of their exultation. Recollection at length returned, and the dungeons were forced open, as the keys of the Bastille had been taken in triumph to M. Brissot, who had himself once languished a prisoner in these dens of despotism. My soul shudders at the recollection of the horrors we witnessed. The Bastille contained only seven prisoners, three of whom were insane. Here an emaciated being, stretched on straw, called on death to relieve his long-

protracted torments; and, when the un-hoped-for blessing of freedom was offered him, raised his hollow eyes to Heaven, and begged that he might be left to die in peace, till, revived by the soothing voice of Pity, he suffered himself to be gently borne in the arms of his deliverers, once more to breathe the open air!—There the frantic wretch rattled his chains, and invited us, with convulsive bursts of laughter, to join in the dance of death.—One victim of tyranny had sunk into a state of fixed despair, from which no human consolation could rouse him.—Another, more happy, had lost the memory of [his sufferings, and sunk into ideotic insensibility. Those whose confinement had been more recent could scarcely believe the ecstatic tidings we brought; and their joy was so overwhelming, that it threatened to distract their senses!—But what language can describe the blood-stained chambers, where racks, wheels, and every instrument of torture that ingenious cruelty could invent, were ranged in horrid rotation, to force

the wretched victim to betray, perhaps, his father, brother, or bosom friend ; and not unfrequently to accuse the innocent, to escape from torments that human strength could scarcely endure ; where so many innocents, torn from their families, and branded with unmerited disgrace, had expired under the infernal engines of despotism ?—The scene is too shocking ! Let us throw a veil over crimes at which Humanity shudders, and which make even the philanthropist at moments doubt if the dark sketch which Misanthropy paints of human nature is not too faithful a copy of human depravity.

If the soul shuddered at wretchedness so complicated, and shrunk from fiend-like cruelty, it bounded with exultation to think that in a single day the despotism of ages had been destroyed ; and it could scarcely believe that the stupendous fabric was overthrown. When you viewed the dungeons where the tortured wretch was chained to inhale the fetid air of infectious damps, and linger out a miserable existence in hopeless

anguish,—when you beheld the heads of the murdered citizens borne on pikes in savage triumph through the streets,—man wore the aspect of a demon ! but when you saw him weep over the sufferings of his fellow-creatures, brave danger and death to alleviate those sufferings, break the massive bolts of Despotism, and hail her despairing victims to renovated life and freedom, he appeared an angel of consolation and humanity, godlike of intellect, in nature divine !

We returned home imbued with mingled wonder, delight, and indignation ; but I was too ardent an enthusiast to feel the latter in its full force, or to philosophize deeply on the fatal mistakes of the human mind, though they could not wholly escape my observation. My father, though greatly fatigued, experienced no ill effects from the day's exertion, or the struggle he had previously made for his life. He was in his sixtieth year, but temperance and bodily activity had given new vigor to a constitution naturally

robust, and seemed to promise a long and healthy career. Young and vigorous though I was, I did not so lightly escape. My wound was trifling ; but the long-suppressed and extraordinary ferment of my soul, added to the shock I had experienced in beholding the parent I revered at the mercy of assassins, threw me into a fever that threatened to be fatal. During several days I struggled between life and death. The anguish of my father, and his soul-piercing alarm, were only equalled by his indefatigable and watchful tenderness ; to that tenderness I owed the restoration of my health, and my recovery was hailed by him with transport.

My feelings were little less vivid :—in the vigor of youth, burning to distinguish myself in the career of patriotism, and possessed of every blessing that could make life desirable, independent of that greatest of all blessings, an enlightened and affectionate parent,—to have parted with existence, at the moment when I was most sensible of its value, with-

out regret, would have required greater fortitude than I could boast of; and I rose from the couch of sickness imbued with fervent gratitude, and the most exhilarating hopes of future happiness and renown. That the latter were extravagant, the sequel of my narrative will shew; and that the former in imagination often exceed the reality, is a truth which daily forces itself on the mind. But it is no less true, that, by moderating our expectations, and not overlooking those sources of enjoyment which are within our reach, we may fortify ourselves against disappointment, bear the ills of humanity with dignified resignation, and find a never-failing source of consolation in active virtue and conscious rectitude of heart.

My father did not oppose, though he sought to moderate, the torrent of youthful enthusiasm by reason and philosophy. Seeing that my mind had taken a bent decidedly opposite to the profession he had chosen for me, he allowed me to renounce commerce, and I entered a volunteer into the regiment

of M. de la Fayette, who at that time was the idol of his countrymen. I kept up a correspondence with Mr. Harlieb, but I would not avow my love even to the father of my Agnes till I should have rendered myself still more worthy of her sympathy. I did not, however, maintain this reserve toward the indulgent parent, who daily acquired new claims of my confidence and gratitude. I opened my heart to him, described its idol with a lover's enthusiasm, and made him acquainted with the determination I had taken, not to reveal my passion either to Agnes or Mr. Harlieb till I should deem myself fully worthy to solicit a blessing I prized beyond my existence. My father repaid my confidence with his warmest approbation. He had loved my mother with all the ardent romance of a pure mind, and sympathized in my feelings; but fearing lest their concealment, notwithstanding the extreme youth of Agnes, and her father's partial friendship, might lead to the disappointment of my hopes, he wrote (unknown to me)

to Mr. Harlieb, made him acquainted with my sentiments, and conjured him to induce his daughter to receive my future vows with complacency.

Oh ! how deep a debt of gratitude is incurred by the son who is blessed with such a parent ! A life of remissless devotion could not cancel it ! But, alas ! greatly as he may reverence the loved author of his being, highly as he may prize his own happiness in being so blessed, he does not feel its extent, or form a just estimate of the filial obligations he contracts, till the cruel stroke of death has broken the most sacred of ties, and awakened him to a bitter but unavailing sense of the inadequate return he made to those anxieties that have daily wrung the paternal heart, and that tenderness which none but a parent can feel ! Every thoughtless act of neglect, every wayward contradiction, or even unpremeditated offence, rise in fearful judgment against him : his conscience is a mirror in which the minutest omission is reflected ; it magnifies the most

trivial fault, and threatens ample and just retaliation in the ingratitude of a future progeny. It is then only that filial disobedience wears the unvarnished odious face of filial ingratitude! It is then only that a parent's anxious cares are remembered with idolizing gratitude, and filial reverence is imbittered by anguish and remorse!

CHAP. II.

WHILE I continued in the regiment of Monsieur De la Fayette, I had the good fortune to attract his notice. He invited me to his house, where I occasionally met some of our first literary characters, whose talents and virtues commanded admiration and respect, and inspired me with emulation to enlarge my little stock of knowledge. Hitherto I had confined myself to the study of the ancients; I now made myself better acquainted with the literature of modern countries, my own in particular, and read the best English authors on science and philosophy. This fresh source of intellectual pleasure, added to a beloved father's mild sway and enlightened wisdom, and the instruction I reaped from the conversation of the celebrated men with whom I had occasional intercourse, taught me to curb my impetuosity, and reason more justly on political events. As my judgment matured, I more

deeply lamented the increasing turbulence of the times, and those mistakes into which some of the best-intentioned persons fell. But my love of Freedom was no less ardent, though I could not always approve the acts of those who asserted her claims; and the grand federation, which was held in the *Champ de Mars* on the anniversary of the taking of the Bastille, again plunged my soul into the most delicious but momentary delirium of patriotic exultation.—Why, alas! was I destined in one fatal moment to fall from the height of exhilarating joy into an abyss of anguish the most overwhelming!—That auspicious day in which the sun of Freedom rose with majestic splendor, diffusing its genial rays to fructify every noble energy and heart-reviving delight!—that day, which dawned upon me refulgent in majesty and hope, ere evening closed in dreary darkness and woe unutterable!

On the morn of the fourteenth of July, I rose invigorated by refreshing slumbers! The form of Agnes Harlieb floated in my

fancy! her dear image had filled my dreams, and her smiles had hailed me to honor and happiness! The roses of love, entwined with the olive, bloomed on the altars of liberty! the sacred fire burned bright, and Agnes was the priestess who kept the flame alive! Such were the visions that filled my soul, and made every pulse throb with emotions indescribable!—Nor were they rendered less delightful by the animated interest with which my father listened to their recital: his benign countenance reflected the sunshine that beamed on mine, and his intelligent eye glistened with paternal pride and pleasure.—“This is a glorious day, Alexander!” said he, pressing me to his heart, and wiping the starting tear: “a day that will be engraven on the tablets of eternity!—That I have lived to behold my son worthy to participate in its glories, makes it the happiest, the proudest, of my life! A futurity no less honorable than happy opens upon my view!—I see thee in the arms of a beloved wife, encircled by a lovely offspring, hailed

by thy grateful countrymen as the disinterested patriot, whose private affections are never suffered to overbalance the public good!—Nay, more; I see thee, in addition to this enviable distinction, merit a still higher meed of praise! I see thy mature energies directed to the happiness and improvement of the human race—I see thee hail the virtuous man of every country friend and brother! Should I not live to witness the completion of my fond hopes, the conviction that they will hereafter be realized will sooth the anguish of our earthly separation, and offer a worthy stimulus to filial tenderness and fortitude!”

“ Oh! forbear, my father, to anticipate a separation that will leave me a bankrupt in every glowing hope and youthful joy! I cannot dwell on so heart-rending a theme! Your health has always been robust, and I think it is even more so now than it was on my first arrival.”

“ Yes, dear Alexander,” replied my father, in a cheerful tone of voice; “ your

return has given me renovated health and spirits, and I never felt more free from mental oppression, or bodily infirmity, than at this moment. The retrospection of death to youth is melancholy and terrific ; but to him who has spent a life of honorable exertion and active benevolence it comes divested of its terrors, and brings only grateful resignation to the will of the Supreme Being, and unshaken faith in his paternal lenity ! But let the image of your beloved Agnes banish every gloomy thought, and let us hasten to partake in the general festivity.”

Inexpressibly affected at what had passed, and impressed with reverence and gratitude, I embraced my father in silence, and followed him to the *Champ de Mars*. My temper, however, as I before remarked, was too sanguine to suffer me long to indulge in misery, which, even though ideal, made every pulse thrill with anguish.

The scene indeed which presented itself

to our view was calculated not only to banish every obtrusive sorrow and corroding care, but to have roused apathetic decrepitude from the couch of ease, and nerved exhausted nature with new energy. The Parisians, laying aside private animosities and public warfare, presented the sublime spectacle of one great united family; and their monarch appeared in the touching character of the father of that family. He took the civic oath! Every heart revered, while every tongue invoked blessings on his head: *Vive le Roi!* flew from mouth to mouth, and was repeated with bursts of rapturous enthusiasm by thousands of loyal patriots.

I sought a less crowded spot, to contemplate the affecting scene; and as I stood, entranced with awe, admiration, and delight, I was startled from my reverie by a gentle tap on the shoulder. My father had been separated from me by the crowd. I turned round, thinking it was him; but, with no little surprise and pleasure, I recognised

Mr. Harlieb. "Alexander !" said the worthy merchant, " I told you we should meet again, and you see I have kept my word."

" This is indeed an unexpected pleasure, dear sir," said I ; " but are you alone in Paris?"

" Yes, dear Alexander : I have left Agnes in the care of some friends till my return. Just after I answered your last letter I was suddenly called to France by my affairs : they brought me to Lyons ; but, having finished them, I would not return to Germany without coming to see my valued young friend, and his excellent father. I own I wished to give you an agreeable surprise ; therefore I would not write to prepare you for my visit. I arrived this morning ; and I knew you too well to expect to find you at home on a day like this ; nor could I so little sympathize in the public feeling as not to wish to share in the general festivity, especially as I hoped to find you among the spectators. You will introduce me to your father : though personally a stranger to Mr. Lemaire, I am better acquainted with his

feelings and sentiments than you are aware of," added Mr. Harlieb, smiling: " he is one of the best of men ; and you are worthy of the affection he bears you."

" Oh ! sir, your partial kindness deceives you !" I fervently exclaimed : " could I but hope to equal those virtues which, from boyhood, have claimed my reverence and love, I should indeed be proud ! My father will be most happy to welcome you to Paris ; he is here, but I have lost him in the crowd. We will seek him. You have chosen an auspicious moment, dear sir, for our meeting: there is only one thing wanting to make it the happiest of my life !"

Mr. Harlieb again smiled, but made no answer ; and we pressed forward in search of my father. Before we had proceeded far, our attention was excited by a sudden movement in the crowd, and the murmuring of distant voices. They became more distinct ; and we heard a summons, awfully impressive—" Make way ! A gentleman is dying ! and wishes to be carried to his son !" — I in-

voluntarily shuddered ; a cold chill struck to my heart ; a maddening thought darted across my brain ; yet it was too improbable, too distracting, to admit of a moment's belief.—“ Unfortunate youth,” I exclaimed, while every fibre thrilled, and my trembling frame shook, “ what must be his agony to lose a parent at the very moment, perhaps, when he is exulting in the glorious privileges which that honored parent, in common with his fellow-citizens, has gained ; and which are to lay the basis of the freedom of future generations ! Oh ! how blest am I that have a father, whose grey old age promises years of vigorous health !”

Mr. Harlieb pressed my hand in silence : the momentary dread that had seized on my mind, like an electric spark, had communicated itself to his ; nor could I, in despite of reason, shake off the superstitious fears that convulsed my frame. “ Let us seek my father,” I cried, endeavoring to force my way through the crowd in a direction opposite to that from which the voices pro-

ceeded. Again the awful summons was given, in accents loud and solemn : my heart died within me : the voices grew louder ; the movement in the crowd became more violent : a voice was raised above the rest. Great God ! what was the agony of that moment ! The name of Lemaire, like the knell of death, struck on my ear ! the prophetic forebodings of my soul were fearfully realized ! In vain I had sought to parry the fatal blow ; it had fallen on my devoted head. I was called upon to attend a dying parent !

An apoplectic fit had seized my poor father, while he was joining in the acclamations of a grateful people : he had staggered, and fallen into the arms of the bystanders, who humanely supported him. It was with difficulty he could make them understand he had a son in the crowd ; and the exertion was followed by the total failure of speech : it was by searching his pockets they found the name of Lemaire on the back of a letter. Spare me a minute de-

tail of the heart-rending scene that followed. My father was conveyed home by Mr. Harlieb and myself: he survived only a few hours; but, just before he expired, he recovered the use of speech, invoked blessings on his wretched son, and gave him a lesson of fortitude and resignation that never, never, can be forgotten.

Oh, that I could do justice to the virtues of my ever-lamented father; that I could make them as familiar to the world as they were to all who came within the sphere of his liberal philanthropy; and, most of all, to his unfortunate son! While I exist they will live in my heart; and with my latest breath I shall bless the revered memory of the best of men, and most tender of parents!

CHAP. III.

THE shock which my mind received was so great that it threatened at moments to distract my senses ; but the judicious treatment and watchful kindness of Mr. Harlieb saved me from insanity, while the almost paternal solicitude he betrayed claimed my warmest gratitude. Thinking that a change of scene could alone restore my mind to its natural energy, and effectually heal the wound my peace had received, my friend proposed to me to take a temporary leave of my regiment, and accompany him to Lubeck. He also informed me of the step which my lamented father had taken to forward the accomplishment of the union on which my heart was fixed ; and he assured me that it had met with his warm approbation, and that Agnes was sufficiently prepossessed in my favor to sympathize in our united wishes. This generous confidence was repaid by a

sincere confession of the attachment I had so many months cherished for the youthful Agnes : nor did I conceal the ambition with which I burned to render myself worthy of her love. I felt averse to quit the theatre on which scenes that were calculated to rouse the most apathetic to energy were daily acting, though the irreparable loss I had sustained made France at the moment cease to be the magnet of attraction : but, had I not met with so cruel a blow, a magnet of still greater attraction would have drawn me for a while from my country, and the offer of Mr. Harlieb was too kind to be rejected. I needed all the consolation of friendship to sooth my lacerated heart, and it yearned to repose its grief in the sympathizing bosom of the gentle Agnes. Just before I took a melancholy farewell of my native city, I met with an adventure which more deeply impressed that liberal philanthropy and that moderation which a beloved parent had inculcated on my heart, while it afforded me the mournful pleasure of proving the reve-

rence in which I held his invaluable precepts.

Mr. Harlieb seldom left me alone. One evening, however, I prevailed on him to go to see a favorite actor, in the part of the *Cid*. When he was gone, the restless inquietude of my mind would not suffer me to pursue any mental occupation. I took my hat, left the hotel, and walked into the most solitary part of the *Champs Elysées*. There I strolled, unconscious how time passed, till it grew dark, lost in mournful reverie, which was occasionally soothed by the endearing image of my Agnes, whom fancy pictured weeping over the tomb of my lamented father, and by her sympathy offering the only consolation her wretched Alexander could feel. At length, exhausted in mind and body, I sat down under a tree, regardless of the falling dew. I had not sat many minutes before my attention was roused by a man who passed me : his arms were folded, his head drooped ; he sighed deeply, then stopped, and exclaimed, ap-

parently unconscious of being seen or overheard, "Hated existence! and still more hateful country! There is no escape from misery! It *must* be done!" The stranger then walked on in a hurried pace. Shocked and alarmed, I rose, fearing he was bent on self-destruction, and hastily followed, determined to watch, and, if possible, prevent the horrid deed. He walked on without perceiving that he was followed till he came to the river's side: he then stopped, and was preparing to climb the parapet, when I sprang forward, seized him by the arm, and exclaimed, "For Heaven's sake, Citizen, forbear!" The stranger angrily turned his head; and by the rays of the moon, which had just risen, I recognised an elderly gentleman, an ancient chevalier of the order of St. Louis, whom I had frequently seen in the streets, and who had been pointed out to me by M. de la Fayette as a bigotted royalist, and his personal enemy. "Unhand me," fiercely replied the chevalier, endeavoring, but vainly, to disengage him-

self from my grasp, “ I disclaim the odious epithet ! I set those who have imposed it on a dastardly people at defiance : and, since I cannot quit a country I despise, I will go where cowards and traitors will not dare follow in pursuit !”

I confess the virulence of this attack kindled strong indignation in my breast, and I could with difficulty refrain from breaking into intemperate heat, that might have been fatal to both parties. He was the enemy of M. de la Fayette, and an enemy to the liberties of his countrymen ; still he was a fellow-creature, apparently bent on suicide, and driven, perhaps, to desperation, by that violence which both my father and myself had so often deplored : *that* consideration overruled my angry passions. “ Sir,” said I, still keeping my hold, and calming my rising indignation, “ if the desperate purpose on which you are evidently bent be occasioned by your present inability to quit a country which is become hateful to you, allow me, though a stranger, to inquire if

it may not be in my power to obviate that difficulty."

"You are no stranger to me," haughtily retorted the chevalier; "I have frequently seen you in company with the man whom, of all others, I most hate; you are in his regiment; are no doubt infected with his dangerous principles; and, were it in your power to serve me, I would scorn to owe an obligation to those I despise. Once more, leave me, sir; or, if you would spare me the crime of self-destruction, and have the feelings of a soldier, follow me to the Elysian Fields, and let me either have the glory to exterminate one of my sovereign's foes, or die in asserting his violated rights and sullied dignity."

"Your epithets are harsh, sir; and my feelings are far from placid. The desperate state of yours alone gives me sufficient self-command to repress their violence, and refrain from accepting your rash challenge. But it is not only my duty to prevent, if possible, the fatal act on which you are

bent, but not to wantonly risk a life which my country claims. Our political sentiments differ: but we ought not to forget the reciprocal duties of men. You asperse my principles and my party; and I fear you may have suffered provocations that have embittered your feelings, and warped your justice: but, though an ardent lover of my country, and the zealous defender of her liberties, I am no traitor to my king, or friend to that violence which of late has disgraced each party. Listen to the warning voice of Conscience, if my exhortations fail! Shudder to rush uncalled-for into the presence of your Creator! Live for the sake of the monarch you reverence: and accept of my services, not as a personal obligation, but a debt which man owes to man, and which ought to be held sacred."

For a moment the chevalier was silent, but he made no further struggle to shake me off. Bursting into tears, he at length exclaimed, in broken accents,—“ Merciful Providence, I thank thee! Never again

will I murmur against thy justice. Despair had deadened every feeling, save that of hatred and contempt toward the persecutors of my injured sovereign. Your forbearance and humanity, sir," continued he, "have awakened less bitter sensations, and have roused me to a sense of my culpable presumption and mental cowardice. I will live to atone for having formed a resolution no less cowardly than criminal; and to bless him who has rescued my name from infamy, and myself from the wrath of offended Heaven."

"Allow me then, sir, to hope that you will honor me by pointing out how I can be of service to you."

"Perhaps you imagine, sir, that my distresses are of a pecuniary nature, or such as your influence with the republican faction could remove; but in that you are mistaken: they do not arise from poverty, and they can only be removed by death. From that I now shrink, as an act of fearful guilt, till it shall please the Almighty to grant me

an earthly release: and I feel it is my duty not to abandon my country, unworthy as it is of my respect. I thank you from my soul for your generous interference; and have to apologize for the intemperate language I used; but I must ever lament that the saviour of my life has joined the enemies of my king. Farewell, sir! May that Providence that has conducted you hither, to prevent me from committing an act of desperation, watch over and protect you! Farewell!"

The chevalier then left me, no less awed than affected by the scene that had passed. To have further urged the acceptance of my services would have been equally impertinent and infructuous. I was disappointed in affording him the relief I wished, but I had the satisfactory conviction that I had succeeded in rousing him to a thorough sense of his culpable rashness, and that his repentance was as sincere as it was solemn.

On my return to the hotel, I found Mr. Harlieb anxiously expecting and preparing

to go in quest of me, to ease those fears which took rise in my settled depression, and in his (I may say) almost paternal solicitude. I made him acquainted with the adventure which had occasioned my delay, and the personal danger into which the chevalier's intemperance and my rashness would have led me, had I not been guarded against the indulgence of revenge by those precepts which a father's awful death had more deeply and sacredly engraven on my heart. The worthy merchant paid a tribute of unfeigned respect to the virtues of that beloved father, and fervently rejoiced in my safety.

Just before we quitted France, I met the chevalier in the Tuilleries, but he was not alone: he bowed, and his countenance spoke volumes, but he passed on in silence. I have since heard that he fell a sacrifice to republican vengeance, and his own intemperate rashness.

When my strength would permit, I accompanied Mr. Harlieb to Lubeck, and again became the inmate of his house,

though not an avowed suitor to his daughter. My heart was too deeply impressed with grief for a beloved father's loss, and it cherished too sacred a respect for his memory, to allow me at such a moment to think of love or happiness; and had not she mingled her tears with mine, and paid the tribute of sensibility and reverence which it claimed for that lamented parent, she would have ceased to be the idol of my soul. Had I not met with so irreparable a loss, the extreme youth of Agnes would have made delay desirable: she was little more than sixteen, and Mr. Harlieb was not displeased that our union should be deferred for eighteen months.

After spending a few weeks with Mr. Harlieb, I tore myself from my beloved Agnes, and returned with a heavy heart to my native country. The face of public affairs wore an aspect terrific and gloomy. The friends of the ill-advised monarch had trifled with a loyal generous people: they had abused the public confidence. Suspi-

ción, indignant resistance, and not unfrequently culpable violence, were opposed by the Parisians to courtly craft, and the convulsive struggles of expiring despotism. The popular discontent was increased to so alarming a height that it could not be allayed;—like a perturbed spirit, to speak in the language of superstition, it haunted the abodes of royalty, portending that desolation and ruin, which might have been warded off by a more dignified conduct on the part of the court.

Disgusted with the scenes of tumult, faction, and intemperate heat, that more or less disgraced each party, and feeling that youthful enthusiasm had led me to form a false estimate of my powers of contributing to the general good by becoming an actor in such scenes, I retired from the service, but not to lead a life of inactivity, for neither my inclination, nor the principles I had imbibed from the most judicious of parents, would allow me to vegetate in disgraceful indolence. I determined to vest my pro-

perty in the firm of Mr. Harlieb, settle for some years in the city of Lubeck, apply myself to the profession which my father had originally designed me to follow, and devote my leisure hours to the cultivation of literature, and those studies which would enable me to forward the progress of knowledge, and aid in promoting the grand interests of humanity. M. de la Fayette, who had treated me with increased kindness and respect since the cruel loss I had sustained, though he expressed a flattering regret at my quitting his regiment, did not combat my resolution, and we parted on terms of friendship. My soul shrunk from intestine warfare ; but it was my full determination, should France be threatened by external foes, to join her gallant sons, and devote my life to her defence.

Having settled my affairs, and made the necessary arrangements, I set out on my journey to Lubeck, and once more found myself in the bosom of the respectable family that had adopted me. Mr. Harlieb

expressed unaffected pleasure at my return, and Agnes received me with that ingenuous sensibility, which is perhaps the greatest charm of woman. Both my friend and his daughter approved of my plans, and I became the partner of one of the most honorable of merchants. In a little time I surmounted the dislike I had conceived to mercantile affairs, and applied myself to commerce with steady perseverance, encouraged by the approbation of Mr. Harlieb and the sweet smiles of my Agnes.

My labors were agreeably relieved by those studies which had become the object of my ambition, and to which I now turned my serious attention. I seized the pen with an unskilled but daring hand, and sketched a history of my short but eventful life; not that I was infected with the puerile vanity of intruding my undigested thoughts or feelings on the public notice, for it will never appear in print; but it will serve as a memento of the past, and as a warning guide to the future. As surgery and medi-

cine, when exercised by skilful hands, are highly beneficial (particularly to the poorer classes of society), I selected them as the objects of my exclusive study, and as being the best suited to my plans of practical utility. I had not forgotten the hope which a too-partial but highly virtuous parent had expressed,—“ that my future career would be no less honorable than happy, and that my heart would expand in charity and love to my fellow-creatures.” The example which that honored parent had given of every social and dignified virtue vividly lived in my memory, and kindled an emulative zeal, which quickened my intellect, and made the severest mental labor appear light. A father’s dying blessing still vibrated on my ear, and gave redoubled energy to my exertions. Though I dared not flatter myself I should realize his lofty expectations, I determined that I would never lose sight of those objects to which his proud hopes had pointed. In Mr. Harlieb I had a friend—I may say a second father—who was little less anxious

than that lamented parent had been to see me honorably distinguish myself in society ; and Agnes, the beloved of my heart, sympathized in every lofty wish, and panted to aid me in every laudable pursuit. Oh ! how fortunate are those who can win the affections of such an angel ! What a companion and friend they secure for themselves ! what a mother they bestow on their children !

In six months I was to receive the reward of my exertions, and become the husband of an angel ; but before that period, which to my anxious impatience appeared an eternity, had elapsed, I was again torn from my friends by the imperious call of duty. My country was threatened with invasion, and not even an angel's siren tongue could have lulled me into a culpable oblivion of her claims.—But let me not wrong my Agnes ; though her bosom throbbed with the tender alarms of love, she gave them no voice ; her tears flowed in secret at our separation, but she applauded my resolution, and did not stagger my fortitude by weak repining, or

tempt me to transgress my duty by the seductive allurements of persuasive affection. Though scarcely seventeen, her mind was fraught with every noble energy, as her heart was the shrine of every gentle virtue !

On my return to Paris, where I remained only a month, the flight of the king, his imprisonment, the total overthrow of the French monarchy, and, finally, the condemnation and death of the unfortunate Louis, excited alternate wonder and compassion in my mind. A republican form of government was congenial to the sentiments I had imbibed from my zealous admiration of the ancients ; but I could not refuse my pity to the sovereign whom I had so lately revered as the father of his people. His miserable fate had been accelerated by the crimes of the court faction, and his errors had rather originated in a weak mind than in a despotic temper, or a callous indifference to his people's sufferings. The love of their monarch was a sentiment that Frenchmen had inherited from father to son, through

succeeding generations. Neither the weak conduct of Louis, nor the jealous preservation of their rights, could totally eradicate a feeling which from habit seemed as it were innate ; and the death of the king was lamented and condemned even by those who thought his deposition necessary to the public weal.

Of my military career I have little to relate, except that I served first under M. de la Fayette, and then under the gallant general Dampierre. He was cut off in the bloom of his laurels, and they were watered with the tears of his soldiers, and the grateful nation whose freedom he had died to preserve. In the battle that was so fatal to my general I was dangerously wounded in the breast, and my right arm was so much injured as to incapacitate me from serving my country in the arduous contest she still maintains against the combined forces of Europe.

But, though I am driven from her service by the chances of war, my heart is in her cause, and it glows with exultation at the

success which crowns the arms of her patriotic sons. While they combat for all that is dear to man, may they ever be victorious! but should they at some future period, intoxicated with victory, give the reins to ambition, unsheath the destructive sword, spreading ruin, desolation, and misery, to oppress and enslave surrounding nations, may they in turn be taught the salutary lesson which they now teach the potentates of Europe; and may their merited disgrace bring them back to justice and moderation!

I will not attempt to justify the sanguinary measures which the republican government has adopted; such measures must ever be lamented by the true lover of freedom; but I would brave the severest tortures that savage ferocity could inflict, to secure my country from the misery of a foreign yoke.

On my recovery, after taking leave of my fellow-officers, I returned to Lubeck, to claim my beloved and lovely bride. By

Mr. Harlieb I was received as the son of his adoption, and by my Agnes, with a sensibility that more than repaid my sufferings. Though she lamented the personal misfortune that had restored me to her faithful arms, her heart bounded with delight at the certainty that I should not again be exposed to the dangers of war. But her mind was too dignified not to sympathize in the poignant regret I felt at being disabled from serving my country at a crisis which imperiously calls on every citizen to risk his life in her defence. A few weeks after my return I became the husband of the most adored of women, and received my Agnes from the hands of her respected father. Our affection was founded on mutual esteem and the most perfect sympathy of feeling, and we pronounced our vows with faltering but fearless joy. My Agnes, the wife of my bosom, is no less gentle than dignified and affectionate. In her I have a companion, whose cultivated understanding is a source of mutual and high pleasure. At our urgent

request Mr. Harlieb continues to reside with his children, and he has promised to fix his residence in France when internal tranquillity shall be restored ; but that, alas ! is a blessing which seems far distant, and for which every lover of his country, I fear, must sigh in vain. You, sir, though an Englishman, are too liberal of mind not to wish that her calamities may cease ; you will not stigmatize a whole nation for the fatal mistakes into which ambition has led its rulers, or the violent measures of a populace, who are hurried away by every sudden impulse : nor can England, though she humanely grants an asylum to the wretched and proscribed, feel respect for those traitors who join the enemies of their country, to ravage her fair fields, and destroy her citizens. Heaven forbid that I should wish to persecute those whose misfortunes, even supposing them to have arisen out of their former misconduct, now that they are turned adrift, and dependent for sustenance on the charity of foreigners, claim our compassion ! Nor can I forbear

to venerate the admirable constancy with which they are borne by many of our proscribed noblemen, and the virtuous exertions those noblemen make, in despite of the prejudices of rank and education, to maintain their independence in a foreign country, though they are in poverty and affliction. Such men will ever command sympathy and respect; and no difference of political opinion ought to make us forget they *are* men. If a citizen quits his country because he cannot, as an honest man, appear to sanction acts and opinions which he deems to be injurious to her national welfare and moral constitution, he merits our esteem as well as our regret; but, though no violence should be offered to private opinion, nothing can justify his bearing arms against the country which gave him birth, or contributing by direct or indirect means to its degradation.

This narrative, which Alexander delivered with eloquent enthusiasm, excited no

less sympathy than esteem for the narrator in Campbel's mind ; and it confirmed him in the persuasion, that, under every form of government, men of unshaken virtue and liberality of mind may be found. His acquaintance with Count St. Hubert, though it had involved him in difficulty and danger, and though they had not always agreed in political and metaphysical opinions, had been a source of great pleasure to him ; but that of Alexander Lemaire promised to yield a still richer harvest of intellectual delight. The social affections of the young merchant appeared to be no less vivid than those of the count ; his understanding was equally well cultivated, his principles were excellent, and there was an elevation of soul, as well as a solidity of judgment, perceptible in his most trivial actions, that raised him far above the ordinary class of mankind. His manners, though gentle, were enlivened by the vivacity of his nation, without degenerating into frivolity. The manly eloquence which flowed from his lips inspired the most frivolous with admiration, and charmed lo-

quacious vanity into silent respect. For such a man, had he been his bitterest enemy, Archibald would have felt the yearnings of affection; and had he abjured his enmity, forgetting personal injuries, he would have proudly taken him to his heart as his chosen friend and brother. Alexander was no less favorably impressed by the amiable yet elevated qualities he discerned in Campbel, and he met the friendship which the latter tendered with equal ardor and cordiality.

The commercial affairs which brought the young merchant to Leipsic were finished in little more than a week; but the increasing pleasure which the friends took in the society of each other induced Lemaire to remain with Campbel till he proceeded on his tour. They parted with mutual reluctance and regret. Archibald would have returned to Lubeck with Alexander Lemaire, but he was expected by Baron Ehrenheim, whom he had apprized of his approaching visit, and who had engaged to meet him at Dresden; from whence they were to pro-

ceed to Ehrenheim-castle. He promised, however, before he quitted Germany, to spend some time with his friend, and witness his domestic happiness.

Campbel reached Dresden without meeting with any fresh adventure : there he was joined by the baron ; and the cordiality with which that gentleman met the young philosopher proved the sincerity of his professions. They remained only a few days at Dresden, as Campbel proposed to make a longer stay at that city when he had paid his promised visit ; and the baron was impatient to return to a younger daughter, the only one of his children who was unmarried, and of whom he was dotingly fond. Ehrenheim spoke of the young baroness with a father's partial pride, and smilingly predicted that his friend would not find Lady Sophia inferior in mind or person to the most charming of his fair countrywomen. Campbel suppressed a rising sigh, and good breeding would not allow him to contradict the prediction ; but his lips refused to pay the

compliment which politeness seemed to exact, for his heart disavowed its truth: it religiously believed, that, in attractive loveliness, fascinating simplicity, and mental endowments, Eleonor Fairfax could have no competitor.

Imbued with this persuasion, Archibald listened to the praises lavished on the youthful baroness, and ascribed their fervor to parental partiality; but, though incredulous as to their truth, he sympathized in the pleasure his friend took in a theme which seemed to be inexhaustible. After a pleasant journey they reached Ehrenheim-castle, to which they were welcomed by the young baroness, who had assembled her father's vassals in the great hall, to pay honor to his English guest. Never since he had beheld Eleonor Fairfax had Campbel been so forcibly struck with female youth and beauty. Though below the middle size, the baroness was graceful of form; her auburn tresses waved in ringlets down her neck, her hazel eyes were sweetly expressive, and her fea-

tures were cast in the Grecian mould: the delicacy of her complexion was in union with the soft pensiveness that frequently pervaded her countenance, and the utter unconsciousness that she was beautiful rendered her attractions the more irresistible. She was scarcely seventeen; her manners were simple, yet dignified; and her father, with indefatigable care, had formed her mind, and enriched it with knowledge far surpassing her years. The young baroness viewed Campbel with mingled curiosity and interest. She had heard her father speak of his heart and understanding in terms of high praise. He had been the saviour of that beloved father's life; and a strong wish to become acquainted with him consequently had been excited.

“ Sophia,” said the baron, presenting Campbel to his daughter, “ this is Mr. Campbel, whom you already know by reputation, and to whom I am sure you will be proud to testify your grateful esteem. He has increased the obligations we owe

him by his kind compliance with my request, and I hope we shall provide sufficient sources of amusement to induce our guest to honor us with a longer visit than he has led us to expect."

"Nothing shall be wanting on my part, be assured, dear sir, to make Ehrenheim-castle agreeable to Mr. Campbel, and to testify my respect," replied Lady Sophia, in a voice the sweetness of which corresponded with the lovely countenance of the speaker.

Campbel bowed, and answered—he knew not what;—he was taken by surprise—he thought the world had contained but one angel, and her he had lost;—but a sister cherub now stood before him,—his ear hung upon her accents with delight,—mingled astonishment and admiration bereft him of language to express his acknowledgments, but his countenance was an eloquent though a dumb orator. The baron, proud of his daughter's beauty, of her graces, and gratified by the impression which he plainly

perceived they made on the young philosopher, stood the silent spectator of a scene that swelled his paternal heart with exultation. Seeing, however, that Campbel did not immediately recover his presence of mind, and that Lady Sophia was little less embarrassed, he good-naturedly came to their relief. He directed the attention of his young friend to the Gothic beauties of the castle, and pointed out the warlike trophies which his ancestors had transmitted to the illustrious house of Ehrenheim, of which he was the chief.

CHAP. IV.

THE unexpected and lively impression which the young baroness had made on Campbel, in spite of philosophy, on a more intimate knowledge of her character and disposition became more vivid, and acquired new strength. The image of the lovely Eleonor less frequently intruded itself on his fancy, and the impassioned feelings it had excited gradually subsided into tranquil though tender friendship : he thought of her as of a beloved sister, whose happiness lay near his heart. But, while the fair form of Eleonor gently receded, that of the no less lovely Sophia glided in to fill up the vacancy. Philosophy was on the watch to prevent Love from again obtaining a mastery over calm Reason ; but, in despite of its vigilance, Campbel again experienced that the stoicism of four-and-twenty is a weak defence against the attractive graces of seventeen, especially when those graces are

accompanied by a fine understanding and a feeling heart. The short space of two months was sufficient to triumph over Philosophy, and to rouse Campbel to a sense of his danger. He daily received the most flattering tokens of regard from the baron ; but though, in point of fortune and education, Campbel might aspire to the hand of the young baroness, he was aware that a daughter of the house of Ehrenheim had been taught to look for illustrious birth, and a name as ancient as her own, in the object of her choice ; and that baron Ehrenheim, though not a blind idolater at the shrine of rank, was strongly biassed in its favor. The baron, it is true, had seemed to wish that Campbel should pay that tribute of admiration to his daughter's superior endowments which they claimed ; but the wish was natural, and it could have no aim but the gratification of paternal pride. He had saved the baron's life, but it was highly improbable that the obligation, great as it might be deemed, would be thought suffi-

ciently so to overbalance the consideration of rank, and the increasing honours which by a noble alliance would devolve to the house of Ehrenheim, in the person of a beloved and lovely daughter. Nay, should the baron, in the zeal of friendship, overlook these considerations, he dared not flatter himself that the lovely Sophia would sympathize in the sentiments she had created, though, in compliance to a father's wishes, she might consent to receive his vows; and to be indebted for the gift of her hand to filial complaisance would be equally revolting to his pride and his affection. Deceived into security by the partial friendship and sanguine hopes of Mr. Fairfax, he had met with a rejection from the first idol of his heart, when the most glowing prospect of happiness had presented itself to his view; and a second time to risk the chance of meeting with a blow as mortifying as it was severe, required more stoicism than could be reasonably expected from so young a man. He was highly self-indignant at the

facility with which his affections had again become entangled without the full approbation of his reason ; but, as soon as he felt the increasing influence which the young baroness acquired over them, he determined to quit the castle. The baron, however, on Campbel's arrival, had insisted on his prolonging the term of his visit to three months ; and how to shorten it without exciting a suspicion of the truth, or making false excuses (from which he shrunk with disgust), became a matter of no little embarrassment to the young philosopher.—While he is debating this knotty point with his conscience, we will make ourselves acquainted with the feelings of the interesting Sophia, and the views and wishes of the baron.

Lady Sophia, though not so romantic as Eleonor Fairfax, like her had an enthusiastic admiration for excellence. Her filial affection was unbounded ; for the early loss of her mother (who was the baron's second wife) had caused the formation of her infant mind

to devolve principally on Ehrenheim, as he would not part with his daughter, though urged by her maternal relations to intrust her to their care. He had superintended her education, watched her progress with no less zeal than delight, and devoted every thought to promote the happiness of his darling child. He had two daughters by a former marriage; but they were adults when Sophia was born, and had married and settled in distant provinces while she was yet a child. The estate of the baron was large, and though with his title the largest portion would devolve to his eldest daughter's son, the portions of his other daughters were handsome; in addition to which Lady Sophia inherited her mother's ample fortune. The baroness was free from that supercilious pride which looks down with contempt on those whose birth is not illustrious; but she had been taught by Ehrenheim to set a high value on the honorable name which had been transmitted to him by a long race of ancestors, most of

whom had been distinguished for their personal valor, and had possessed those dazzling qualities which strike the youthful imagination with wonder and delight. In her childhood she had been affianced to a nephew of the baron's (a sister's elder son), who was a most promising youth : but he had died ; and, though he had left a brother only a year younger, the latter did not possess those qualities which were likely to engage affection, or secure domestic felicity. The father of the young count (for his mother was dead) had been anxious to secure the hand of the baroness for his son ; and the match, as far as regarded family honors and fortune, would have been highly desirable to the baron ; but he was too good a father to sacrifice her happiness to family aggrandizement, and he had peremptorily refused the alliance, though by so doing he had given offence to his brother-in-law. Lady Sophia had lived in retirement with her governess and her father, as much from choice as because of her extreme youth. The baron

was esteemed by his sovereign, and occasionally went to court ; but he had always left his daughter with Madame Steinfurt, and, by the elector's permission, had deferred presenting her till she should have emerged from solitude into the fashionable world, and till he could at the same time present a worthy son-in-law to his prince ; for his heart predicted with paternal pride that his Sophia need only be seen to be sought in marriage by the most noble and gallant of the Saxon youth. The young baroness had no solicitude for her future establishment, or confidence in her personal attractions. Equally unbiassed by interest or vanity, her heart was rapt in a father, whose very existence seemed entwined with hers. If the idea of a separate home and interest had darted at moments across her mind, it had been as hastily discarded with apprehensive disgust. She had been attached to her cousin, Count Albert, as the friend and companion of her infancy, and she had been taught to consider him as her destined

husband ; but the idea of quitting a father whom she idolized had not occurred, for the count died before she had attained her thirteenth year, or the sisterly regard she felt could ripen into a more tender sentiment. The loss of her early friend had however made a deep impression on Lady Sophia's mind, and had given a tincture of pensiveness to a disposition that was naturally vivacious. The company which the baron saw chiefly consisted of veteran warriors ; and, till his daughter knew Campbel, she had not met with any young man who had seemed to possess those elevated qualities she had learned to admire in her lamented Albert, and still more highly to appreciate the disagreeable contrast of his brother's deficiency. The amiable manners of Archibald, and the lenity with which he judged the mistakes of others (though by no means lenient to his own), were calculated to inspire affection, while the superiority of his understanding commanded deference and respect. The generous contempt of personal danger he had

shewn in risking his life to save that of her beloved father, previous to his personal introduction, had excited an interest in his favor, which a constant and familiar intercourse had daily increased. The idea of *love* never entered her thoughts; but Campbell's image haunted her nightly dreams, engrossed her waking reveries, and unconsciously tinged every word and look with more than usual softness: yet the baroness persuaded herself that gratitude and sisterly regard were the only sentiments her heart cherished.

The baron, as we have seen, had conceived a strong partiality for the saviour of his life, and the favorable opinion he had formed of Campbell's heart and understanding had even been strengthened by a more intimate knowledge of his habits and feelings. On one subject alone they did not perfectly agree,—on the claim which those who are styled *heroes* by the applauding multitude have to magnanimity and superior virtue. On this topic the baron thought like a

soldier and a nobleman, whose ancestors had been dignified with the name of heroes ; and, as he was a little impatient of contradiction on a subject on which he considered himself as being perfectly qualified to decide, Campbel, when he discovered that the prejudices of Ehrenheim were too deeply fixed to be unrooted by any arguments he could offer, had avoided entering into any discussion on that point ; and, when he had been forced to give his opinion, had maintained a delicate forbearance that was not unremarked by the baron or his daughter.

That period was not yet arrived when the admirers of the *ancient* Alexander or modern conquerors were to be taught to blush for their misconception of true heroism and magnanimity by a sovereign educated in a despotic court, and invested with despotic power. That sovereign, who is far more exalted by his public and private virtues than by his elevated rank, has gained a just claim, not only to *our* admiration, but to that of future ages ! Russia may boast that she

is blessed with a ruler who has given a brighter example of temperance, moderation, and enlightened philanthropy, than the annals of royal biography in modern or perhaps ancient times can produce. His conduct both in public and private life, as far as it has reached our knowledge, has merited that meed of reverence and love which every heart must feel, and every tongue bestow, on the noble-minded, the magnanimous, Alexander !

The more Campbel developed the genuine elevation of his character, and its social virtues, the more intimately the baron felt that (rank excepted) Archibald was endowed with all that he could wish for in a son-in-law ; and he feared it would be difficult to find, even among the nobly born, that rare combination of talent, virtue, and amiability, which distinguished his English friend. The happiness of his daughter lay near his heart ; but he thought that to hold an elevated rank in society, and support the family dignity, would form no inconsidera-

ble share of her felicity. Still, however, as Campbel rose in his estimation, the wish that he could, consistently with his views of family aggrandizement, bestow his daughter on the saviour of his life, became more vivid,—his doubts of meeting with a son-in-law, equally qualified to make her happy, daily gained more ground,—and his indecision was finally terminated by an incident which rendered their obligations to Campbel more deep and binding, and by the discovery which he made of Lady Sophia's unconscious attachment to their guest.

We will now return to the young philosopher, whom we left self-dissatisfied, and fluctuating in irresolution and perplexity. While he was deliberating in what manner he should act, he received a letter from Alexander Lemaire, which at once fixed his irresolution. The young merchant, availing himself of Campbel's offers of service, informed the latter he could essentially serve him by going to Dresden, and transacting some business of consequence, which would

otherwise compel Lemaire to quit his beloved Agnes at a most interesting and critical crisis. Her health was delicate; and she expected to present him with a pledge of their mutual love before he could return. To leave her at a time when a husband's tender solicitude is most grateful to the affectionate heart, and when his own was racked at moments with the most distracting apprehension, was a sacrifice which nothing but the imperious call of mercantile integrity would have induced him to make. Mr. Harlieb could have taken his place, but a fit of the gout confined the worthy merchant to his bed, and he knew no one capable of executing the trust, except his English friend, to whom he could venture to make an application that could only be sanctioned by reciprocal confidence and intimacy.

This friendly appeal, independent of his desire to serve Lemaire, was most welcome to Campbel, as it afforded him a fair prospect to shorten his visit, without offending or appearing to slight the baron. He wrote

immediately an answer, and accepted the trust: then, expressing a grateful sense of Baron Ehrenheim's hospitality, he notified his speedy departure to that gentleman. The baron, however, would not consent that his journey to Dresden should abbreviate the term of his visit, though he was too considerate to wish him to disappoint his friend; and he insisted on his spending another month at the castle when he should have discharged the duties of friendship.

Perhaps the sudden cloud which overspread the countenance of the young baroness, when he announced the termination of his visit, did not a little contribute to enforce her father's eloquence, and overrule his prudent resolutions. Be that as it may, Campbel, after making as stout a resistance as the bright eyes of Sophia and the cordial earnestness of her father would suffer him to oppose, yielded to the entreaties of Ehrenheim, and promised to return as soon as he should have finished the commission he had undertaken for his friend. He

reached Dresden without meeting with any accident on the road : contrary to his expectation, a few days were sufficient to transact the business of Alexander Lemaire. Quitting the capital city, where he left his servant, to follow at his leisure, he again directed his route to the hospitable mansion of the baron ; for there, in despite of the struggles of philosophy, his heart had been held in captivity. Ehrenheim-castle was an extensive Gothic building, skirted by woods, the majestic gloom of which struck the spectator with awe, while their impervious foliage seemed to afford a secure retreat to the desperate marauder. Owing, however, to the vigilance of the baron, the neighborhood was little infested with banditti : there was also a public and direct road to the castle, which on one side was skirted by the woods, and on the other by the village of Ehrenheim. This road was taken by Campbel (who, though no coward, was not wanting in prudence and foresight) : and as he wished to reach the castle before night

came on, he desired the postilion to drive fast. Just as they were within half a mile of Ehrenheim-castle, Campbel, who was rapt in meditations, not of robbery and murder, but of the fair and gentle Sophia, was alarmed by distant and repeated shrieks, which seemed to proceed from the wood, and which increased in loudness as the carriage advanced. A thousand fears rushed upon his mind; and, though they seemed merely to rise in imagination, they gave his heart a pang which was agonizing. He threw up the sash; ordered the postilion to halt; and, scarcely giving the man time to stop his horses, sprung from the carriage: in a moment he leaped over the hedge. The moon had risen; by its partial light he discerned at a little distance a female (whom he recognised to be the young baroness), struggling to disengage herself from the rude grasp of a ruffian. Campbel fortunately had his pocket-pistols: he sprung forward, seized the man by the collar, and, striking him with the butt-end, felled him to the

ground, where he lay, stunned by the violence of the blow. Lady Sophia, whose terror robbed her of all presence of mind, deaf to the voice of Campbel, attempted to fly further into the wood, but her strength was exhausted by her struggles, and she fainted. While Campbel supported and endeavored to revive his lovely charge, the ruffian, recovering from the blow, rose, and, taking a pistol from under his coat, advanced toward them, muttering threats and imprecations. Nothing but the most prompt decision and presence of mind could save the life of her whose honor he had providentially rescued, or guard his own. Shuddering to shed the blood of a fellow-creature (however guilty), yet left without any hope of safety, except in desperation, Campbel, leaving the baroness on the ground, sprung forward, took the pistol which he had put into his pocket, and fired just as the arm of the ruffian was raised to inflict the horrible vengeance he had threatened. The ball lodged in the ruffian's heart : uttering a

deep groan, he expired. Campbel's frame shook; his blood ran cold with horror; but he roused himself to exertion, and returned to the baroness, whom the report of the pistol had brought to herself, but who stood transfixed with terror to the spot. Unable for a few seconds to speak, Archibald approached the trembling Sophia: the moon, bursting from a cloud, shone full upon his face, and in her deliverer Lady Sophia recognised the saviour of her father! Overpowered by this discovery, she sunk at his feet, and burst into a convulsive passion of tears. Campbel again raised the agitated baroness; and, being scarcely less so himself, he supported and led her in respectful silence to the carriage.

During the short ride to the castle, Lady Sophia vainly attempted to express her gratitude to her brave deliverer; tears choaked all utterance; and the extreme agitation of her frame made Campbel fearful lest the shock she had undergone should be followed by a serious attack of fever. In trembling,

yet gentlest accents, he soothed and entreated her to be calm. At length they reached the castle, where they found the baron in the hall : he had just returned from paying a visit in the neighborhood, and, on hearing that his daughter was absent and alone at so late an hour, was going in great alarm to seek her. Madame Steinfurt, the *ci-devant* governess of Lady Sophia, having completed the education of her lovely charge, continued to reside at the castle, in the quality of her companion and friend ; but she was indisposed, and the baroness, intending to return before dusk, and disliking the restraint of an attendant, had gone out alone. The surprise of Baron Ehrenheim at seeing his daughter with Campbel, whom he did not expect for some days, was great ; but it was unmingled with any doubts injurious to his young friend : yet, when the baroness fell weeping into his arms, and he felt her heart palpitate with violence against his breast, surprise was mingled with the most poignant alarm. In despite of his know-

ledge of Campbel and of his principles, in despite of his prepossession in favour of the young Englishman, a momentary suspicion darted across his mind, and his countenance betrayed his feelings, as he turned to Campbel to request the explanation of so strange a scene. Though greatly hurt by perceiving the doubts that had arisen in the baron's mind, Campbel made just allowance for a doting father's alarm:—"Your fears are natural, baron," said he, in the firm tone of innocence; "but, on the word of an honourable man, they are unfounded. My meeting with Lady Sophia was accidental: I was alarmed on the road by female shrieks, which seemed to proceed from the wood, and, till I entered it, I was ignorant by whom they were uttered."

"Merciful Heaven! you are, then, the saviour of my child?"

"Oh, yes!" exclaimed Lady Sophia, in broken accents, raising her streaming eyes, "Mr. Campbel was my guardian angel! To him I owe more than my life; *that* he

has preserved ; but my debt of gratitude is deeper than language can express ! His generous courage has snatched me not only from death, but from everlasting wretchedness and disgrace !”

Unable to proceed, the young baroness again sunk on her father’s breast. Ehrenheim, deeply affected, and self-indignant at the momentary injustice he had done the young philosopher, held out his hand to Campbel ; but the agitation of Lady Sophia, who continued to weep on his bosom, would not suffer him for the moment to apologize. Campbel, who was always lenient to the mistakes of others, even when he was a personal sufferer, wished to spare his friend all apology ; he consequently, after giving directions to the domestics of the baron to search for the body of the ruffian, pleaded fatigue, and immediately retired to his chamber, where he spent a night of watchful and restless anxiety. The blood of a fellow-creature, though shed in defence not only of himself but the idol of his heart, lay heavy

upon his mind ; and he likewise feared that the terror she had experienced would affect the health of the young baroness : nor were his fears without foundation. After passing, like Campbel, a restless night, toward morning she fell into a short but agitated sleep, and woke in a high fever. When the baron, whose anxiety would not suffer him to rest, came early into his daughter's chamber, he found her delirious : there was no physician of note to be procured within thirty English miles of Ehrenheim-castle ; and Campbel, on learning the situation of the baroness, and the affliction of the distracted father, would not suffer the latter to trust a commission, on the prompt and intelligent execution of which the restoration of a health so precious would depend, to any but himself. Ehrenheim, sensibly touched by his zeal, though he suspected that his guest took more than a *friendly* interest in Lady Sophia's recovery, gratefully accepted his offer. Only alive to the danger of the young baroness, Campbel at the moment

forgot that he had been suspected of having cherished presumptuous and clandestine hopes ; and, though he had been exonerated from the latter conduct, in respect to his meeting with the baroness, that by immediately after, as it were, shewing so ardent a zeal and anxious an interest for that young lady, he might betray the state of his heart to his friend ; which pride, principle, and philosophy, at a less agitated moment, would have equally prevented him from doing.

The celerity of Campbel equalled his ardor ; he returned with a physician before even the impatient and anxious father had any hope of seeing him ; and the baron, inexpressibly affected at the recollection of his momentary injustice, wrung the hand of his young friend in agòny, and entreated his forgiveness : but he suffered him to retire from a scene which he saw harrowed his soul ; beside, delicacy for the beloved sufferer would not have permitted him to have long remained in the sick chamber. In her delirium, Lady Sophia frequently raved of

her deliverer, and unconsciously betrayed that pure affection which she had as unconsciously cherished. Now she deplored his supposed death in the most affecting language; now she accused her father of cruelty, in forcing him to quit the castle; and, in the height of her delirium, vowed that no earthly power could tear him from her heart, or force her to marry another. The delirium continued, with little intermission, during eight days, which were spent by Campbel and the afflicted father in the most torturing anguish and suspense. The physician, a skilful and humane man, had little hope of his patient till the ninth day; then the delirium subsided, and less unfavorable symptoms appeared; but the baroness was thrown by the violence of the fever into a state of debility, which, notwithstanding her youth, and the natural strength of her constitution, was very alarming.

CHAP. V.

WHILE Lady Sophia is struggling against a dangerous malady, and our young philosopher is forced to exert all his fortitude to calm the overpowering agitation of his spirits, and support those of his afflicted friend, we will take a temporary farewell of the inhabitants of Ehrenheim-castle, and, quitting Germany, once more return to England and sweet Eleonor, whom we left a little easier in mind, and more fortified against the shafts of unprincipled hypocrisy, by the display of triumphant malice which was made by the baronet and his lady at the Opera, and their total want of delicacy and feeling. As we have seen, contrary to the intention of that well-assorted pair, their conduct awakened Eleonor to a thorough sense of her former blind infatuation, in seeking to exculpate a hypocrite as deep as he was dangerous ; and, modestly as she estimated her mental endowments, it made her feel her superiority

over those whom her pure and enthusiastic affection had gifted with every grace and virtue. Shortly, however, after this rencontre, in which the aggressors for a moment were shamed and disconcerted by the self-possession of the aggressed, owing to a false report respecting the banking-house of which Mr. Fairfax was at the head, and to which the temporary embarrassment of a junior partner gave rise, Sir Leoline and his lady again enjoyed a short-lived triumph over the object of their mutual persecution ; and the latter, more to gratify her own malice than to oblige her husband, at his instigation lost no time in inflicting a polite insult on Eleonor, who she thought would be sufficiently humbled, by a reverse of fortune so unexpected, to submit to indignity without daring to resent it. Such were the generous motives of her ladyship's implied condescension.

Little dreaming of being honored (to use a courtly term) by such a visit, Eleonor one morning, being left alone by her aunt and

uncle, whom particular business had engaged in the city for the whole day, gave no orders to be denied. As she was playing on her favorite instrument, in the back drawing-room, where Sir Leoline had first tendered his interested vows, not to her lovely person, or still more lovely mind, but to that wealth which then was the first object of his petty ambition, to her great surprise Lady Hargrave entered with the servant: being determined to take no denial, her ladyship had followed the footman, without announcing her name.

“ Good heavens ! can it be Lady Hargrave I see ? ” exclaimed Miss Fairfax, utterly thrown off her guard by the appearance of so unexpected a visitor.

“ Yes, my dear,” said her ladyship, in a tone insolently familiar ; seating herself, without ceremony, by the side of Elonor : “ you seem surprised to see me, child ? ”

“ I am, indeed, madam,” replied Eleonor, with calm dignity ; “ nor can I account for the honor of this visit.”

“ You must be sensible, my dear,” continued her ladyship, in the same tone, “ that I have always distinguished you—nay, notwithstanding your altered situation, I always shall—that is, if you lay aside those romantic flights, which were always ridiculous; and which, in your present circumstances, would be downright insupportable.”

“ I really do not understand you, madam,” said Eleonor, with undisguised astonishment.

“ I own, it is very convenient only to understand what we like to hear, child; but I can make every allowance for your situation. I suppose you will not long remain here: that is a handsome harp, and a patent one, I see. I dare say you will be loth to part with it, but you cannot want it now, and, at a word, I will give you twenty guineas, for I intend to take lessons of the famous professor, who is lately come over. Sir Leoline is fond of music; and he is foolish enough to prefer my voice to Mara’s. By the way, you play prettily enough your-

self, and I could very well begin with you: these fashionable masters are so unconscionably dear, that they ruin one. Not that my dear Leoline would mind any expense to give me pleasure; but I have so many calls upon my purse, that really I am forced to economize."

"Lady Hargrave," replied Eleonor, with increased surprise, aware that she was the object of intentional insult, but at a loss to divine what strange misunderstanding could give rise to conduct so gross and insulting, "I must beg you will explain yourself; and that you will inform me to what motive or mistake I am to attribute the renewal of an intercourse which could never again have been sought by me."

"Nor by me either, I assure you, Miss Fairfax," haughtily retorted Lady Hargrave: "I am not so destitute of amusement as to seek it at the expense of suffering the familiar intercourse of my inferiors. You cannot be less willing to renew the acquaintance than I am; but I came to oblige a

husband who adores me ; and who cannot help feeling pity even for those he has reason to dislike."

" Pity !" indignantly interrupted Elonor ;
" Sir Leoline feel pity for me !"

" Yes, even *he* must pity a fall so humiliating to a vain and presumptuous spirit. ' My dear Clarissa,' said he, yesterday morning at breakfast, ' I know, from good authority, that the house of Fairfax and Co. has stopped payment ; it is what indeed I have long expected would happen ; for, philosophers are too much rapt in their sublime theories, and visionary reveries, to attend to the vulgar routine of business : poor Miss Fairfax, whose Arcadian simplicity is even greater than her uncle's philosophy, must be in the most pathetic languor of distress ; for her whole fortune, I understand, is vested in the firm ; and she will need all the sympathizing commiseration of a feeling heart to reconcile her to her hard destiny. For my sake, Clarissa, forget past grievances, and give her that

countenance of which, by this time, I presume, she will feel the value.”

“ Lady Hargrave,” replied Elonor, still preserving a dignified command of her feelings, “ both Sir Leoline and yourself are under a mistake respecting the supposed failure of my uncle ; but, had he been utterly ruined, and had I lost all my fortune, we should not have envied the lot of persons who seek to humble those whom they have tried to injure. By my rash imprudence, I formerly threw myself into your power, and that of Sir Leoline. I forgive your having turned my foibles into ridicule, deceived my unsuspecting affection, and sought to destroy my peace of mind ; but I must request you will cease to persecute one who has neither the inclination nor the power to retaliate ; and that your ladyship will excuse my retiring.”

“ First allow me to thank you, in my own and Sir Leoline’s name,” said Lady Hargrave, arrogantly rising, and impeding Elonor’s retreat, “ for the generosity with which

yourself and your relations have thrown the blame of your romantic delusions and self-sufficient presumption upon us. You say," continued her ladyship with a sneer, "that your uncle is not ruined. Perhaps he is in possession of the philosopher's stone, or *Mr. Campbell* may have picked it up in his travels. If so, I have to apologize for my ill-timed zeal."

"Lady Hargrave, I cannot hear the best of uncles thus lightly spoken of: I entreat you to let me quit the room," remonstrated Eleonor.

"Not till the daughter of the Earl of Follington has condescended to fully justify her conduct; and till she has executed the charitable purpose for which she came," haughtily replied Lady Hargrave, standing with her back to the door. "At my dear Leoline's request, I called on a relation, an elderly lady, who is in want of a companion, and, as he advised, extolled your powers of entertainment, which go far beyond my feeble talent of description. On

our joint recommendation, Lady Melford was disposed to receive you into her family, and we mutually congratulated each other on our success ; for neither Sir Leoline nor myself could have supposed that any young person, so circumstanced, however far she might have wandered into the labyrinth of romance, would remain obstinately deaf to the voice of common sense, and spurn the friendly hand that presented a clue to extricate herself, when heroics are so totally out of character : but it appears that we were mistaken. I congratulate you, Miss Fairfax, on your happy indifference to worldly prudence, not to say propriety ; it makes you the object of general admiration ; and, even when all other amusing subjects fail to excite attention, it is sure to command the auditor's suffrage. I happened to mention your name the other day in company, and a dozen young men of fashion flocked round me to join chorus in praise of your singular endowments.—‘ You mean the niece of Fairfax, the banker, of Lombard-street, I

suppose?’ said Sir Felix Snarlton. ‘’Pon honor, she is a rare creature! She deals in sentiment as largely as her uncle does in bank-notes: pray, did not she kindly give a hint to Mr. Sighaway for the heroine of his last romance?’ ‘I would sacrifice my best racer,’ said Lord Sweepstakes, ‘to be honored with half an hour’s conversation with her.’—‘So would I,’ interrupted Sir Felix; ‘it would be as novel to us as a Japanese pastoral, or a Hebrew farce; and no doubt as intelligible.’—Once more, I offer you my sincere congratulations on the enviable exaltation of your ideas; and I have the honor to wish you a very good morning.

CHAP. VI.

HAVING conquered her long-cherished but weak partiality, the insulting irony of Lady Hargrave inflicted less pain on Eleonor than her ladyship and the baronet had intended, though it made her more resolute in her determination to check the rash enthusiasm of her character, and in future to trust implicitly to the judgment of her best friends, except in one point, on which her heart obstinately refused to sympathize in their wishes ; for, in despite of reason, it cherished a dread of him it had been once disposed to love. The visit of Lady Hargrave naturally threw Eleonor into a train of thought that suspended her morning's occupation ; and, just as she was going to dress, another visitor, equally unexpected, was announced, and her feelings were still more forcibly moved, though in a very different manner. This visitor was the honorable Mrs. Altamont, from whom Eleonor

had received so beneficial, but, as it proved, unavailing, a warning against the indulgence of romantic enthusiasm. That lady did not, like her vain and meanly-arrogant niece, presume on her superior rank, but had the polite attention to send up her name, and request a few moments' conversation with Miss Fairfax. Though fearful to encounter reproofs from that lady, still more severe because it would be more just, Eleonor, with her wonted sweetness, complied with the request, and Mrs. Altamont was shewn into the drawing-room.

“Do not, my dear Miss Fairfax,” said that lady, when she was seated, “deem me impertinent for an intrusion which can only be excused by the sincere desire I have to apologize to a young lady, who, I am sorry to say, has not only met with unmerited insult and derision, but has been injured by a niece, of whose conduct I am truly ashamed.”

“All apology, madam,” replied Eleonor, in a gentle yet firm tone, “is unnecessary :

I sincerely forgive Lady Hargrave, and I must acknowledge that my sufferings have been justly incurred by my own folly. I obstinately rejected the advice of those dear and honored friends whose experience could alone save my youth from the dangers to which romantic delusion exposed me. Your warning letter, madam, which ought to have made a salutary impression, failed in the kind intention with which it was written; consequently I have only myself to blame."

" You were certainly wrong, my dear Miss Fairfax," said Mrs. Altamont, " in not trusting to the more enlightened judgment of your friends, but the error was excusable. Nothing can palliate the selfishness, duplicity, and dishonorable conduct of those in whose honor and affection you implicitly confided. Forgive me for touching upon so delicate a point; but when I heard of your wrongs, though the inflictors of those wrongs were my own niece and her husband, my contempt and indignation were too strongly

excited to be suppressed, even in their presence."

" Let them be forgotten, madam."

" No ; they neither can be forgotten nor forgiven by any but the angel on whom they were inflicted. I was painfully aware, it is true, that Lady Clarissa, owing to the superficial education she had received, and the weak indulgence of a doting father, was volatile, vain, and heartless ; and from all I had heard of Sir Leoline from my nephew Lord Rupert, and the little I had seen of that gentleman, I could form no favorable opinion of his morals and disposition : still, when the earl informed me of their intended union, being ignorant that the baronet had broken prior engagements, I could not urge any objection, because I well knew that no man of refined principles and exemplary conduct would think of my niece for a wife ; and the increasing levity of hers, being unchecked by paternal authority or female delicacy, made the single state dangerous, not

only to herself, but to a noble brother, whose nice sense of propriety would never suffer him to be a passive spectator of a sister's misconduct. These considerations made me silent, and I forbore to wound the earl by expressing the little respect I felt for his intended son-in-law: but when, a few weeks since, the treachery and deceit which Sir Leoline and his lady practised on your pure and affectionate heart came by accident to my knowledge, I could no longer do violence to my feelings by suffering those unworthy relations to suppose I could palliate conduct so flagitious; nor could I refrain from blaming the earl for the eagerness with which he had courted the alliance of a man whom he had affected to despise, and treat with arrogant contempt, before he had come into the unexpected possession of a title and estate. Both the baronet and his lady have taken high offence at my undisguised disapprobation, and we seldom meet except in public; for not even the misconception of strangers shall induce me to coun-

tenance, publicly or privately, relations that disgrace their rank and their family. I have been thus explicit, my dear Miss Fairfax," continued Mrs. Altamont, "to testify the personal esteem I feel; and I am sincerely sorry for the severity with which, at the beginning of our acquaintance, I treated a failing so excusable in youth:—its source is certainly amiable, though the consequences are perilous. It was indeed the knowledge I had of Lady Clarissa's character that made me so anxious to prevent you from again throwing yourself into her power; but I confess I was too harsh in my censure of your ignorance of the customs of the world. I had not had an opportunity to appreciate those admirable qualities which exalt you far beyond the heartless unprincipled coquette, whose actions disgrace the noble family from which she is sprung. Had I been more intimately acquainted with the elevation of your mind, and the unparalleled sweetness of your disposition, though I would have guarded you against

the deceitful caresses of my unworthy niece, I would have silenced the punctilios of rank, and have shewn you the distinction you merit. Can you forgive me, my dear Miss Fairfax?"

"Oh, madam!" replied Eleonor, melted into tears by kindness as flattering as it was unexpected, "indeed I have only to return my sincere acknowledgment for the interest you took in my welfare, and to entreat that I may not be the cause of Lady Hargrave's losing your friendship."

"You are a most charming young lady!" said Mrs. Altamont; "and, if any persuasion could overbalance the deliberate resolution I have taken, you alone would be entitled to that concession; but till Lady Hargrave makes a sincere abjuration of her follies, and is roused to a thorough sense of her unpardonable conduct toward yourself in particular, I cannot in conscience appear to sanction that unfeeling levity, which I have so long, but so unavailingly, condemned. Since you say you generously forgive my ill-

judged severity, my dear Miss Fairfax, will you not suffer me to prove the sincerity of my repentance, and allow me to solicit an introduction to the excellent relations to whose judicious mode of education you do so much honor, that I may cultivate their friendship and yours?" continued Mrs. Altamont, taking the hand of Eleonor.

" My aunt and uncle, I am sure, will be happy to thank you, dear madam, for your past kindness, and the flattering interest you take in my welfare; and I shall feel honored by your friendship; but they are both gone out for the day."

" I am sorry for it," replied Mrs. Altamont; " for I have made arrangements to quit town to-morrow, for a couple of months, with some friends whom I cannot disappoint; but, when I return, I shall certainly avail myself of your kind permission, and pay my respects to Mr. and Mrs. Fairfax."

Mrs. Altamont rose, and took her leave; but when she reached the door she turned back, and, again taking Eleonor's hand,

said, in an embarrassed tone of voice,—
“ My dear Miss Fairfax, I know not how to apologize for the liberty I am about to take ; but the interest you have inspired is so deep, and I am so highly impressed with the virtues of your respected uncle, that I must run even the risk of offending him, and violate that decorum I no less respect, to prove that I have not been making unmeaning professions. I would not for the world wound your feelings, but I hope you will not deem me impertinent if I ask if there is any truth in the unpleasant report I have heard respecting the failure of your uncle’s banking-house ?”

“ There is none, dear madam,” replied Eleonor, while her eyes glistened with gratitude and delight: “ nor could I for a moment do you the injustice to accuse you of wishing to gratify unfeeling curiosity, or of making unmeaning professions ; both are equally foreign to Mrs. Altamont’s heart ; but I shall ever rejoice that such a report has arisen, since it has afforded me so flat-

tering a proof of the high estimation in which my uncle's character is held, and leaves me so greatly indebted to your partial regard."

" You are only indebted to your excellent uncle's paternal cares, and to your own engaging qualities, my dear Miss Fairfax; but though, had the affairs of your uncle been involved, both myself and Mr. Altamont would have thought it as much a duty as it would have been a pleasure to have offered him all the aid our fortune and credit could command, I sincerely congratulate you on the mistake, and have only once more to entreat you will excuse the freedom I have taken, and that you will rank me in future among your friends, and those of your respectable family."

Mrs. Altamont then retired, leaving Eleonor no less gratified by her kindness than impressed with admiration of her elevated manner of thinking; nor could she help pitying the unworthy niece, who, by her dereliction from propriety and

mental rectitude, had lost a friend so warm, and an adviser so judicious. But she could not blame the resolute discountenance which Mrs. Altamont gave to unprincipled coquetry and treacherous selfishness, though she lamented that her indignation had been justly incurred.

When Mr. Fairfax and his lady returned, Eleonor, not wishing to give them pain, only slightly touched upon the visit of Lady Hargrave; but she expatiated with grateful fervor on the kind and delicate conduct of Mrs. Altamont. It did not excite surprise, for they had truly judged that a lady of nice feeling, who could not only depart from the rules of good breeding, but expose the folly and duplicity of her own niece, to warn a young creature, almost a stranger to her, against the consequences of yielding to romantic delusion, must possess a benevolent heart and a lofty mind, whatever her prejudices might be in regard to punctilio and the prerogatives of rank. And they were charmed that their beloved Eleonor

had acquired a friend no less judicious than kind. While they have the heartfelt satisfaction to perceive that their niece daily acquires renovated spirits, we will return to Campbel, whom we left, far less composed in mind than that young lady, at Ehrenheim-castle.

CHAP. VII.

THE baroness was attended with unremitting tenderness by her father and Madame Steinfurt, and she gradually recovered her strength. Neither the baron nor that lady wounded her delicate sensibility by making her acquainted with the discovery they had made of the state of her affections. She therefore, though now she was painfully aware of the nature of the sentiments she had cherished, and felt hopeless of being loved in return, received the congratulations of Campbel without being abashed by the knowledge that her father was acquainted with the secret, which she hoped to entomb in her own bosom. Campbel, however, being more and more sensible of the danger of his situation, and feelingly alive to the dictates of mental rectitude, determined to quit the castle, even though by so doing he should give offence to the baron, who, since he had wronged his young friend by

momentary suspicion, had treated him with increased confidence and affection. This conduct would have created the most flattering hopes in a man less diffident of his personal and mental claims ; but, though it sensibly touched Campbel, he would not suffer himself to indulge the most distant hope of forming an alliance to which the most noble houses of Saxony would be proud to aspire ; nor did he think that the personal services he had rendered Baron Ehrenheim and his lovely daughter entitled him to a recompense so high. His friend, Alexander Lemaire, during the convalescence of Lady Sophia, had written to inform him that his beloved Agnes had presented him with a son, and to beg that Campbel would stand godfather to the boy, whose christening was to take place in two months. Archibald consequently determined to proceed to Dresden, and from that city to repair to Lubeck. He therefore, one morning after breakfast, when the young baroness had retired to her apartment, took that

opportunity to acquaint the baron with his intended visit to Lemaire, and to announce his speedy departure, expressing a lively sense of the baron's hospitality and kindness. Ehrenheim listened to his young friend in thoughtful silence: when, however, he had left off speaking, the baron, rising, exclaimed, with a warmth that surprised Campbel,—“It must not be! Campbel, you must not leave us!”

“My lord, you know not what you ask,” exclaimed Campbel, greatly agitated, and thrown off his guard, by the energetic manner of the baron;—“I must either leave you, or forfeit your esteem and my own. Do not ask an explanation, but accept my fervent vows for your happiness, and allow me to depart, imbued, more than I can express, with a grateful veneration of your character and feeling of your kindness!”

“No, dear Campbel,” energetically remonstrated the baron, “it must not be! Listen to the manly confession I have to make.—With shame I acknowledge, that,

from the time you saved my life in Holland, ancestral pride has combatted justice, gratitude, and the secret wish of my soul ; but your virtues have conquered every lurking prejudice ! You have saved my child from the most dreadful of calamities, and me a second time from death ; for I could not have survived her disgrace. I have read the emotions of your heart, and, had I before hesitated, your present honorable conduct would have silenced every doubt. From the moment I heard that the friend, whom I had wounded by ungenerous suspicion, was the saviour of my Sophia, my determination was fixed. Were a sovereign prince to seek her in marriage, I would reject his suit, and proudly bestow her hand on the far nobler though untitled youth, whose virtues have won her guileless affection. In the struggle between life and death, your name trembled on her lips, your image was engraven on her heart. You are worthy of each other, and you alone shall be my son-in-law !”

An offer so unexpected, and the ecstatic discovery that he was beloved by her he adored, for a moment deprived Campbel of all power of utterance; but when the baron embraced the youth, and called him by the endearing name of son, he exclaimed, "Oh, my friend! my honored friend! do not be hurried away by the generous impulse of your heart! You owe me no obligation.—I adore your lovely daughter, but I am not worthy to aspire to the blessing of her love!—I have twice suffered my feelings to overpower reason and philosophy by a rash confidence in my own strength of mind, though the most cruel disappointment, in the first instance, ought to have put me on my guard, and taught me prudence."

"Philosophy, my excellent young friend," said the baron, smiling, "at *my* age, I grant may, generally speaking, prove a vigilant sentinel against the indulgence of youthful affections, though they are so difficult to be eradicated in the feeling and generous

heart, that they often drive philosophy out of the field even then ; but at *yours* it has no chance of being obeyed, when Beauty presents herself, arrayed in the heavenly garb of sensibility and grace. Nor should I think the better of you for suppressing the most exquisite emotions of the heart. If you have had any prior attachment, as you so frankly give me to understand, I am well assured, from the firm integrity of your soul, that the future happiness of my daughter will not be endangered ; and that the object of your attachment must have been worthy to inspire it, or she could not have found a place in your heart."

Truly grateful for this flattering mark of esteem, Campbel made the baron acquainted with those events, of which we are already informed ; and, by his manly sincerity, confirmed Ehrenheim's partial esteem.

" I pity the young lady who could reject your vows," said the baron ; but I am truly happy that her rejection has empowered me

to secure the felicity of a beloved daughter, and to prove the high estimation in which I hold my noble preserver !”

A lover’s respectful fervor, and the delicate confusion and final consent of his beautiful mistress, are so well known to every novel-reader, that I hope I shall be forgiven for omitting the *pathetic* scene that followed on Campbel being allowed to solicit the favor of his beloved Sophia. We will give that young lady credit for blushing as prettily as most of our fair countrywomen do on similar occasions ; and, while Campbel, by the permission of his propitious divinity, directs his route to Lubeck, to fulfil the duties of friendship, we will return to Sir Leoline and Lady Hargrave.

CHAP. VIII.

INTEREST alone had induced the baronet to treat the follies of Lady Hargrave with forbearance, and even *that* consideration, we have seen, could not always induce him to utterly suppress his internal contempt, or the ebullitions of a tyrannical temper. Forbearance daily became more difficult to maintain; and the disappointment which he met with in his political views made him at length throw off a mask which was so little suited to his taste. These views had been zealously supported by the earl, who was intimate with the *premier*, till Sir Leoline, in a convivial moment—(for we must not suppose that he was a novice in so fashionable an accomplishment as *drinking*, or that the lawyer's brains were always proof against the force of Burgundy and Champagne)—Sir Leoline, I say, was thrown off his guard with drinking bumpers at an electionering dinner, and, in the presence of some of the earl's political

friends, not only spoke of that nobleman in terms of contempt, but forgot himself so far as to throw ridicule on his party, and dared to question the infallibility of the *heaven-born* minister. The conversation was not only repeated to the earl, but to the *premier*, who, in consequence, the same day disposed of an earldom, which he had designed to bestow on the baronet. Sir Leoline, “vowing a great revenge,” joined the opposition, and seized on every opportunity to ridicule and mortify his father-in-law, as well as to thwart the minister, who, not having at the moment any *douceur* of sufficient magnitude to offer the baronet, was obliged to see an opponent, dangerous for his wit, satire, and fortune, join the standard of his enemies.

This political disappointment put the finishing stroke to the baronet’s matrimonial patience, and roused the sleeping lion. Ungovernable as Lady Hargrave had been, she found she *must* obey the husband whom she now hated; and, while he as heartily

despised his wife, her levity made him miserable. Gloomy, suspicious, and tyrannical, to watch her conduct became the principal object of his life. By his own fears and her coquetry he was prevented from partaking in those scenes of fashionable gaiety which he had once so eagerly coveted. Being equally afraid to take his lady abroad or to see company at home, and in continual dread of her meeting with the unprincipled Dashington, who seized every opportunity to pay his court to Lady Hargrave, and torment her husband, Sir Leoline, to the surprise of his fashionable friends, and the indignant grief of her ladyship, quitted town before the season was over, and confined himself to a small estate he possessed in the north of England. He deserted the magnificent seat of his ancestors, for he was not in a tone of mind to enjoy the princely fortune he had inherited. Sir Leoline, however, did not wholly confine himself to the society of his lady;—the reader, perhaps, may remember the pretty girl who had been fol-

lowed by the amiable barrister from the apothecary's in Baker-street; from what *charitable* motive his sagacious sister, Mrs. Grafton, had justly divined, though she had aided in deceiving the artless unsuspecting Eleonor. Hargrave had also deceived the young woman's friends by his pretended benevolence. He had, it is true, saved a worthy man, perhaps, from dying of want; but he had done this that he might have the triumph to seduce his then innocent daughter, and bring dishonor on his grey hairs.—Such, too often, is the *disinterested* benevolence of a man of fashion! Kitty, unfortunately (so the girl was called), was vain, weak, and fond of dress; her parents doted on her, and were as unsuspicious as they were grateful to their supposed benefactor. The barrister had little trouble in deceiving the latter, and found it a still easier task to delude the girl. Her seduction broke the hearts of her parents, and awakened Kitty to temporary and bitter remorse; but fine clothes, and the hypocritical condolment of a handsome

lover, too soon dried the tears of filial anguish, and silenced the voice of conscience.

When the barrister had succeeded in being admitted as a suitor to Eleonor, he had thought proper to remove his mistress out of town; for a natural flow of spirits, an air of fashion, and a highly attractive person, had rendered Kitty of sufficient consequence in his eyes not to desert her as immediately as he had deserted many of her predecessors. His marriage with Lady Clarissa had rather strengthened than diminished the ascendancy of Kitty, especially as the temper of the latter was mild and complying; so that, when he thought his *honor* would be endangered if he did not seclude his *wife* from the great world, he had as little difficulty as he felt compunction in persuading his *mistress* to follow him into Yorkshire, and settle within a few miles of the manor-house, where the most violent domestic quarrels revenged the wrongs of the injured, but forgiving, Eleonor.

Though Lady Hargrave soon discovered that the husband who so strictly censured *her* conduct put no moral restraint on his own; and her ladyship consequently was more than ever disposed to give the reins to unprincipled passion and coquetry; after she had vented her indignation on this discovery in passionate reproaches and sarcastic aggravation, fear, and the hope to amply retaliate hereafter, gave her sufficient self-command to dissemble till a favorable opportunity should offer. Finding, by repeated experience, that reproach and contradiction led to the most despotic exercise of connubial authority on the part of the baronet, she had recourse to artifice. She affected to pay the most abject submission to his will, for which, however, she gained as little credit as such hypocrisy deserved. But she *secretly* laid a plan to escape from her tyrant, and prove to the world that her ladyship's notions of *matrimonial freedom* were quite as *fashionable* as those of her lordly spouse. Her woman was in her confidence, and,

through her connivance, Lady Hargrave carried on a correspondence with Mr. Dashington, and laid every preparatory step to an elopement. That gentleman panted to be revenged on his *ci-devant* friend, who, since his elevation and marriage, had affected a haughty condescension, and, for reasons already stated, had shunned the now less fashionable and wealthy companion of his licentious pursuits. He felt no less desirous than Sir Leoline had shewn himself to be distinguished in the annals of gallantry; he gloried in being called upon to bear away a handsome wife from her jealous tyrant; and, as if inspired with the baronet's malignant spirit, exulted still more that she was the wife of Hargrave. He was aware, from his knowledge of the baronet, that a duel would be the inevitable result of his profligate defiance of the moral and civil laws of society; but he had killed his man, was allowed to be an excellent shot, and entertained no doubt either of his good fortune or his skill. As to the expenses attending a criminal prose-

cution, and the damages which an injured husband might obtain, they would have been a matter of serious consideration, perhaps, to one less ambitious of fashionable notoriety, for they would in all probability amount to more than his actual fortune. But Dashington was not ignorant that fashion and impudence will seldom leave their votary without a good dinner, or exclude him from the higher circles; while modest merit is left to starve unnoticed, and comparatively unknown, in a garret or a prison. Beside, he was heir-apparent to two maiden aunts, both on the verge of seventy, and possessed of thirty thousand pounds each. These ladies hated every individual of the "odious male sex," save and except their fashionable nephew, who took care to keep them in good humor, by flattering their foibles, listening to the list of the conquests they had made in their youth, the matrimonial snares they had escaped, and abusing every pretty woman of their acquaintance.

As the gentleman and the lady were

equally disposed to mortify and outwit the baronet, whatever it might cost, they eagerly seized on the first favorable opportunity that offered itself. Sir Leoline had a severe attack of the gout, which confined him for three weeks to his room, and he insisted that Lady Hargrave should be his chief nurse. During five days her ladyship acted the part he had assigned her to perfection: on the morning of the sixth, however, she complained of indisposition, fainted on her husband's pillow, and was borne from the sick chamber to her own, which she quitted the same night, with her confidant, first securing her jewels; then stole through a back door from the house, and proceeded in disguise to a neighboring village, where she was met, according to appointment, by Dashington, in a travelling coach-and-four. This vehicle conveyed them to the metropolis: there Dashington hired a ready-furnished house, and, supported by her ladyship's diamonds, they courted public notice with unblushing effrontery, and stared public de-

corum out of countenance. Imagine, gentle reader, if you can, the rage with which Sir Leoline received the intelligence of his lady's elopement ! It was so violent, that he struck the domestic who was the unwelcome bearer ; burst into imprecations against himself, his lady, Dashington, and the whole universe ; and made repeated but fruitless attempts to rise from his bed, that he might go in immediate pursuit of the guilty pair. The twitches of the gout, however, were even more violent than the baronet's thirst of revenge, and he was obliged, during a fortnight, to undergo the double martyrdom of suffering excruciating bodily pain, and the racking torture of his own thoughts. Then, and then only, in the moment of extreme anguish, was thy pure and affectionate heart, lovely Eleonor, appreciated !—But the recollection of thy endearing qualities and generous forbearance, in despite of sophistry, inflicted too severe a pang to be dwelt upon ; thy image was hastily discarded, and thy virtues were ungenerously

disclaimed, by the selfish and justly-punished Hargrave.

The Earl of Follington wrote to his son-in-law, to condole with him on the family disgrace, and to endeavor to dissuade that gentleman from taking any measures to render the exposure still more public ; but the baronet did not vouchsafe a reply, or suffer a doting father's anguish to retard for a moment the violent step he was about to take. Compassion was not a weakness to which Hargrave was prone ; and, while suffering excruciating torment himself, it was some relief that his sufferings were shared by the man he had always despised, and for whom he had cherished the most inveterate enmity since, by his own incaution, he lost those ministerial honors, for which the earl had zealously petitioned.

As soon as he was able to travel, Sir Leoline quitted Cypress-lodge, and (such was his eagerness to revenge his injured honor) took a place in the London mail, under a feigned name. His valet rode as an outside

passenger, and every hour appeared an age till he reached the metropolis. There, however, fresh disappointment awaited the baronet. After providing himself with new pistols, which he purchased in Fleet-street of Mr. Nock, to whose shop he had formerly been strongly recommended by the very man whose life he now sought, he made the necessary inquiries to satiate his vengeance; but he found that Dashington and Lady Clarissa had quitted London to take a trip to Cromer, in Norfolk, and thither Sir Leoline followed in pursuit. It was in the evening that he arrived, but mental agitation would not suffer him to rest from the bodily fatigue he had undergone. He quitted the inn, after recruiting his spirits with a bottle of Madeira, to go in search of Dashington, whose place of abode he soon learned. It was not long before he found that gentleman, who was walking alone on the beach, which happened to be deserted, for the company were dispersed, some one way, some another, in search

of amusement. The greeting of the baronet was not very ceremonious, nor was the reply of Dashington more conciliating. They were equally eager to make a trial of their skill, and agreed to immediately bring it to issue, without waiting for the formality of seconds; but they took their respective valets and a surgeon, and proceeded to a meadow a short distance from the town. Notwithstanding the good fortune which had attended Dashington on more than one occasion, and the confidence which that gentleman entertained in his skill at *hitting* a mark, they here failed; his bullet passed by without wounding the baronet; but Sir Leoline, either more expert, or more lucky, shot his *ci-devant* friend dead on the spot. Such, alas, too frequently, is the end of *fashionable* friendship, and the fate of *fashionable* friends!

CHAP. IX.

THE fatal termination of the duel gratified the revenge of Sir Leoline; but it obliged him to take immediate steps for his personal safety, for the family of Dashington was both wealthy and noble; and, he was aware, would prosecute him to the utmost rigor of the law. The baronet soon came to a decision: he wrote to his banker to send him remittances, through the medium of a foreign house; took post for Yarmouth, and there fortunately found a Hamburgh packet, in which he embarked, ready to set sail the same day. Before he sailed, he wrote to prepare Lady Clarissa for that disgraceful divorce, for which he intended to sue by his lawyer, while he visited the principal courts of Germany, and astonished the hospitable natives by his profuse splendor and fashionable acquirements. Perhaps the reader will wonder he did not leave instructions for his *mistress* to follow

him, having got rid of his wife; but he will no longer wonder, as soon as he is made acquainted with the following circumstances. A little before the baronet had been attacked with the gout, Kitty, who had never been inoculated for the small-pox, caught that infectious disease, and, after having been given over by the doctor, she lived to see that beauty, which had been the primary cause of her seduction, utterly destroyed, and consequently to find herself abandoned by her profligate unfeeling seducer. Sir Leoline, regarding the now disfigured object of his former lawless passion with disgust, unmoved by the wretched girl's tears, forced her to quit Yorkshire, with a small sum of money, and, without friends or character, to seek a precarious subsistence in the metropolis. There, truly penitent, and roused to a thorough sense of her past culpability, Kitty resisted every fresh temptation, and, rather than sink still lower in vice, suffered the most aggravated distress. Chance, however, again brought

her into the presence of Miss Fairfax, whom she made acquainted with her former misconduct, and present deplorable situation. She was generously relieved by Eleonor, and encouraged to persevere in the road of virtue, by soothing but judicious kindness.

Before we follow Sir Leoline to the continent, it will be necessary to say a few words concerning Lady Clarissa. The earl had just quitted London when her ladyship fled thither in company with Dashington, and had taken a party of friends to spend a month at Follington-hall. The intelligence of his daughter's elopement from her husband reached him through the medium of the newspapers ; and his consternation and grief were so great as to seriously affect his health, and confine him to his bed. He was weak of intellect, and had been wanting in that judicious firmness which alone could have saved Lady Clarissa from falling a prey to her own levity, and the designing arts of vice ; but he was, nevertheless, a kind and affectionate parent, and a well-

intentioned man. That the daughter, on whose imaginary perfections he had fondly doted, and whom he expected, by an advantageous marriage, would add splendor to the family dignity, should unblushingly violate all delicacy, as well as principle, and bring dishonor on herself and the illustrious house of Follington, was a blow as cruel as it was unexpected. Deeply, however, as the earl was wounded by her misconduct, he not only wrote, as we have seen, to soften a husband's just wrath, but to conjure Lady Clarissa to fly from her seducer, and take refuge under the paternal roof till a reconciliation or a divorce should take place between herself and the baronet. Mrs. Altamont also wrote in the most impressive terms to her niece, to rouse her, if possible, to a sense of her guilt, and to offer her an asylum, should the paternal doors be shut against her; for, though she detested her crime, and could feel but little personal affection for a being so heartless and depraved, she was a highly conscientious woman, and

would not shrink from her duty, however painful its performance might be. Lady Clarissa, however, was equally unmoved by her father's unmerited tenderness, and deaf to their united exhortations, till the death of her seducer, and her utter inability to support her rank without their assistance, forced her to return to her father's house. There, however, she did not long remain : when a married woman has once sunk into degradation, and cast away the native modesty of her sex, it is rarely indeed that she returns to virtue. Unable to endure the merited reproaches of her justly incensed relations, or that solitude to which her misconduct had condemned her, Lady Clarissa, notwithstanding their vigilance, contrived to allure a colonel of the guards, a rich young nobleman, who was on a visit in the neighborhood, and again eloped. During some months she blazed a star in the hemisphere of folly and fashion : in the interim, the lawyer of Sir Leoline obtained a divorce for his plaintiff ; and her ladyship, by her

arts, prevailed on the colonel to marry her, in defiance of the advice of his friends and family ; but she did not long triumph in her guilty career : a few weeks after her marriage she caught a rheumatic fever, at a friend's house, by the inattention of the servants, in not properly airing the sheets ; it deprived her of the use of her limbs ; and, after lingering for months in continual pain, and seeing herself neglected by her husband, and abandoned by all except those to whose tenderness and pity she had forfeited all claim, she expired, in the bloom of youth, a self-devoted victim to unprincipled coquetry and odious selfishness !

Sir Leoline, after a quick but unpleasant voyage, the inconveniences of which were not smoothed by good humor or patience, reached the city of Hamburgh, where his title, reputed fortune, and a fluent proficiency in the French language, procured him admission into the first mercantile houses, and to those of the neighboring gentry. At the house of one of the latter, he met

with an old friend of Baron Ehrenheim, who had just received letters from that gentleman, informing him of the approaching nuptials of the baroness. By accident the subject was brought on the tapis ; and when Baron Hertzberg (so the gentleman was called) had named Campbel, whom he had seen, and of whom he thought highly, as her intended bridegroom, he asked the baronet if he were acquainted with his amiable countryman ? This was too favorable an opportunity to vent the secret venom of his soul not to be seized by Hargrave with avidity ; though, as we shall see, he took care to veil his ill will under apparent friendly feeling. What ! Should Campbel, the hated Campbel, who had insolently dared to cherish a hopeless passion for her whom he had once deigned to select for his wife, without the assistance of worldly cunning, form a connexion more brilliant even than that to which he had sacrificed the lovely Eleonor ? Should he enjoy honor and happiness with the woman of his choice, while *he* had been

made miserable by disappointed ambition, domestic broils, and merited disgrace? "Oh, no!" whispered malignant Envy, "the lawyer shall ultimately triumph over the philosopher. Campbel shall again writhe under disappointment, and only feel the serpent's sting when it is no longer in his power to extract the venom!"

Imbued with these feelings, Sir Leoline replied, in answer to the question Baron Hertzberg put, "I am acquainted with a most amiable gentleman of that name, but I scarcely think it is my friend of whom you are speaking: he is of Scotch extraction, and of a singular way of thinking: he is too modest to assume the appellation of *philosopher*, but he has more claims to the title, perhaps, than any man I know."

"You do him justice, sir! It must be the same person we mean. Our friend has been in France?"

"Yes; and there he had a narrow escape of his life. He was always a warm partisan of the French revolution, and consequently

thought no risk too great to incur for the gratification of expressing the admiration he felt to those by whom it was achieved : for he is so enthusiastic a philanthropist that he can frame excuses for the most flagrant crimes, and has implicit faith in the native virtue of man. I admire, nay, I venerate, his philanthropy, though I own I cannot always agree with him in opinion."

" He is perhaps a little misled by the virtues of his own heart, and is too lenient a judge of human frailty ; but that failing has so pure, so amiable, a source, that, as you say, sir, it extorts our veneration."

" His alliance would not dishonor a prince, though his birth is not noble. You say, sir, he is about to espouse the daughter of Baron Ehrenheim ?"

" In a few weeks, I believe, the marriage will be solemnized ; and the baron, shortly after, proposes to accompany his son-in-law to England."

" I truly rejoice in Mr. Campbel's good

fortune; but, I confess, sir, you greatly surprise me !”

“ Yet, you think him worthy to aspire to Lady Sophia’s hand ?”

“ Oh, yes, certainly : I have always expressed the high opinion I entertain of Mr. Campbel’s endowments. You cannot, sir, estimate them more justly than I do ; they have been the theme of my admiration ever since we became acquainted : and, if we were not all strongly wedded to early prejudices and first impressions, I should more than once have been converted by his eloquence to become his disciple as well as his admirer.”

“ Then allow me to ask, sir,” continued the baron, who, as the baronet artfully designed, began to be infected with lurking doubt and uneasiness, “ why you should feel surprise at my friend selecting Mr. Campbel for his son-in-law ?”

“ Why, since you insist on my being candid, I am not surprised at the baron

making choice of Mr. Campbel ; but, I must own, I can scarcely persuade myself that Mr. Campbel is going to marry a German lady, when, to my certain knowledge, he has been attached, if not engaged, for years, to the niece of Mr. Fairfax, a gentleman whose name you may have probably heard him mention."

" His late guardian ?"

" The same."

" You astonish me ! Pray, sir, explain this strange conduct of your friend, if you can."

" Why really, baron," said Hargrave, shrugging his shoulders, " it appears to me inexplicable ; but I will tell you all I know of the matter. Miss Fairfax is a most lovely young lady ; no one can speak more feelingly of her charms than I can, for I was made captive by them ; nay, I so far committed myself, being encouraged by sweet Eleonor's winning smiles, as to solicit her favor, and I unconsciously became the rival of my friend. Campbel was too much

of a philosopher not to feel ashamed of being caught by a beauteous face ; as, among other singular opinions, he held the female understanding in contempt, and thought that women ought to be considered either as tame domestic appendages to a man's household, or as play-things, formed solely for his amusement; and, as he knew I thought very differently on the subject, he did not make me the confidant of his passion. Mr. Fairfax, who is a truly conscientious man, though he wished the affections of his niece to be fixed on Campbel, (for he flattered himself that the contempt he had imbibed for the fair sex would be finally converted into adoration by her attractive graces,) being like myself deceived by the apparent complacency with which the young lady received my devoirs, and the supposed insensibility of Campbel, allowed me to seriously address her. Then it was that I discovered the error into which I had so naturally fallen : the jealousy of Campbel betrayed his passion ; and Eleonor grew suddenly captious

and cold, and avoided my society. Having gained her point in alarming his fears, and chaining the young philosopher to her car, she no longer concealed the preference with which she honored Mr. Campbel. The worthy uncle was displeased at the girlish coquetry of his niece, but he was too candid not to acknowledge he was agreeably surprised by the unexpected *denouement* of the affair. Campbel was recalled from self-inflicted banishment, to receive the plighted faith of Miss Fairfax, before he went abroad, for not even *her* charms were sufficiently potent to induce him to give up his favorite scheme : beside, he knew he was secure of the poor thing's affections, and of her uncle's vigilant guardianship, during his absence. For my own part, being ashamed of the ridiculous figure I cut between the young philosopher and his pretty sentimental *fiancée*, I wished them joy from my soul, and took my leave of the family. Mr. Fairfax expressed unfeigned sorrow at the levity with which I had been treated by his niece;

but I felt more pity than anger at the artifice of a love-sick girl, who despaired of subduing the apparently flinty heart of a stoic by means less desperate. Soon after Campbel's departure for the continent, the deaths of some near and dear relations so entirely engrossed my feelings, and I was so overwhelmed with affairs, that I lost sight of him entirely, as well as of Miss Fairfax, till I heard by accident that the young philosopher had nearly had fatal proof in France that his system of universal philanthropy was more beautiful than real ; and I took it for granted, that, having escaped the guillotine, he would be the more eager to forget his past dangers in the happy destiny that awaited him in England.

“ Baron Ehrenheim has known Mr. Campbel for nearly a twelvemonth ; the latter has been an inmate in his house these last four months. He has not only bound the baron by strong personal obligation, but impressed him with the most favorable opinion of his heart and understanding. How am I

to reconcile what you have told me, sir, to that nice sense of honor by which we both thought Mr. Campbel was so highly distinguished?"

"Oh, my dear sir, *honor*, in the philosophical vocabulary, is defined a little differently from *our* vulgar conception of the word. Mr. Campbel is a *philosopher*, we must remember, and the most conscientious man upon earth in what *he* deems to be honorable, either in regard to man or woman; but, if *his* ideas on the subject dissent from those of men in general, we cannot blame him for acting in conformity to his own conviction of right or wrong. I have no doubt, if he were present, he could prove to us, by a hundred ingenious arguments, that *honor*, in the perverted sense of mankind, is little better than madness or folly; and that no promise can be binding if you find reason to change your opinion. He always regarded women as mere machines in the hands of the stronger and wiser sex; and, though a philosopher, had an idolatrous veneration for rank

and fortune. As to fighting those who might happen to have a more worldly notion of *honor*, and to think that the affections of their daughters or sisters ought not to be wantonly trifled with, nothing, I believe, would provoke him to offer a challenge; nay, I even question if he would not incur the imputation of cowardice by refusing it, rather than act in opposition to his philosophical creed. He is a most extraordinary young gentleman, I allow; and his flights of philosophy soar beyond my vision: but I again repeat that I have the highest respect for Mr. Campbel's talents; and, notwithstanding the little irregularities of his head, I never doubted the goodness of his heart."

"What you tell me, sir, I own, painfully staggers my faith in his mental rectitude: were you Mr. Campbel's enemy, I might hope that your judgment was warped by prejudice; but the liberality and friendly feeling, which are conspicuous in all you have said of that gentleman, in my own despite force me to tremble for the happi-

ness of my friend's daughter, who is a young lady every way deserving of affection and respect. I shall certainly write, to put Ehrenheim on his guard, and to advise him to discard the man who has dared to impose upon the artless affection of a lovely female; trifle with a family as ancient as it is honorable; and aspire to Lady Sophia's hand, when he must be sensible that he is no less unworthy to possess her love than to enjoy the confidence of her unsuspecting father. The baron, though he is a most affectionate parent, has too much understanding to suffer himself to be conquered even by a daughter's tears, should the baroness, like too many infatuated females, have the weakness to plead for her unworthy lover. Mr. Campbel will not have the triumph to rank the daughter of one of the noblest houses in Saxony among those puppets who are formed solely for his amusement."

The triumph of Hargrave was complete! He could scarcely restrain the secret exultation of his soul; yet he continued to act his

part to perfection : he affected to feel serious concern, mingled with an apparent struggle between conscientious principle and good will toward Campbel, so that an observer more penetrating than the baron might have been made the dupe of his artful insinuations.

Being every where restless and dissatisfied, Sir Leoline did not make any long stay at Hamburgh, but proceeded on his tour to visit the German courts. While he is seeking relief, in the indulgence of baneful passions, from that mental disquietude which is the just punishment of his selfishness and depravity, we will follow Campbel on his visit to Alexander Lemaire ; and let us hope that the deadly train which the baronet has laid to undermine the happiness of our young philosopher may only explode to expose and bring merited chastisement on its malignant contriver.

CHAP. X.

WITH a heart glowing with the purest love, and the most zealous friendship, Campbel quitted Lady Sophia, and directed his course to Lubeck. In imagination, he beheld his friend seated between the wife of his bosom and the worthy Mr. Harlieb, gazing on an object that claims all a husband's grateful reverence; a smiling infant receiving sustenance from the mother, who, for that dear infant's sake, sacrifices her ease, endangers her health, and even would stake her existence, could the sacrifice ensure its future happiness. He saw mingled paternal pride and connubial love glisten in the tearful eye of his happy friend, while the lovely Agnes gave the smiling cherub to his arms, and her delighted father invoked blessings on the affectionate pair. The imagination of Campbel was no less active than that of the baronet, but the images it presented were such as were reflected by the

unsullied mirror of virtue ; and the warmth of their coloring was produced by the magic touch of sensibility and benevolence.

It was late in the day when Archibald reached Lubeck, and he was greatly fatigued with his journey ; but the eager impatience of friendship would not allow him to rest. Leaving his servant at the inn, he took a guide, and proceeded to the house of Lemaire, which was at some distance from the inn. As he walked along, indulging in the reveries of a glowing affectionate heart, they were interrupted by a melancholy strain, which sweetly vibrated on the ear. It was the *trumpet of the dead*, a mournful tribute of respect paid in Germany to their deceased relatives by persons who have the means to testify the veneration in which they hold their memory.

“ Ah, some poor soul is gone to Heaven !” said the guide, as they approached a church, on the turrets of which the strain was played : “ I heard indeed of a sad accident which happened three days since in

a family that live in the street to which we are going ; and I dare say that the mother and child were buried this very afternoon."

" A mother and her child !" exclaimed Campbel, whose fears instantly took the alarm.

" Yes, sir ; and a most cruel accident it was."

" Pray explain !" eagerly interrupted Campbel.

" Why, sir, the poor lady went on a party of pleasure on the Elbe, with some friends, and took her infant with her. It seems her husband could not go, and I dare say, poor gentleman, he now wishes that he had not suffered her to go ; for she was a sweet young creature, they say, scarcely one-and-twenty, and it was her first child."

" For Heaven's sake, friend, be explicit ! how did the accident happen ?"

" Why they went quite safe, but in returning a storm arose : the boat was upset ; every one, of course, was eager to save his own wife or sweetheart : the boatman, un-

fortunately, had taken a glass too much, and could not help himself, so the lady and her baby, poor souls ! were not assisted till all assistance was vain ; and, though they were drawn out of the water, they gave up the ghost before the distracted husband could be informed of their danger. It must have been a pitiful sight, sir, when their bodies were conveyed home, for I heard that the lady's father, who lived with them, had no child but her ; that he was recovering from a fit of illness ; and that he was almost broken-hearted."

" Merciful Heaven !" exclaimed Campbel, " it surely cannot be the wife of Monsieur Lemaire?"

" That's the name, sure enough, sir," said the man : " he comes from foreign parts, but his lady was of this town."

Sick at heart, and gasping with emotion, Campbel stopped, and leaned against the wall of the church-yard. How changed in the short space of half an hour were his sensations ! How melancholy a reverse of

scene awaited him ! The house of gladness was converted into the house of mourning ; the adoring husband's joy, the proud father's hopes, were succeeded by anguish and woe unutterable : to use the beautiful and awful language of Scripture, " Who shall boast himself of to-morrow ?"

While Campbel was standing to recover from the shock he had received, and to deliberate how he should act, a man of slender form, in deep mourning, with his hat slouched over his face, passed through the gate : his arms were folded over his breast, and he heaved heavy, but apparently unconscious, sighs. " Gracious Heaven!" exclaimed Campbel, whose heart instantaneously suggested the truth, " it is Lemaire !" Alexander, roused by the well-known voice of Campbel, raised his head ; and the latter, whose eyes, in despite of his habitual fortitude, paid the tearful tribute of sensibility, sprung forward to embrace the wretched widower. At first Lemaire was unable to speak, though he returned his friend's em-

brace with fervor : at length he exclaimed, in a broken voice,—“ Agnes ! My child ! Oh, Campbel ! both, both gone !” He could not proceed ; sobs suffocated his speech. Archibald, little less forcibly moved, gently took him by the arm, intending to lead his friend back to the inn, and turned back with the guide, who, in the simple language of uncultivated honesty, expressed unfeigned sorrow at the distress he witnessed. As soon, however, as Lemaire was sufficiently collected to make himself intelligible, he requested Campbel to accompany him to his carriage, which was hard by, and return to his house. Our young philosopher, to his honor be it remembered, never shrunk from any sacrifice, however painful, which virtue or friendship might exact ; and on the present occasion it would have been made, though it cost him ten-fold pain ; for never had he, among his youthful friends, met with one so dignified of mind and affectionate of heart, or gifted with such benign intelligence.

The friends dismissed the guide, and rode in solemn silence, which was only interrupted by occasional but passionate ebullitions of grief on the part of Lemaire, and by the sympathizing condolence of Campbel. When they reached the house of Lemaire, a new scene of distress awaited the latter. Mr. Harlieb, who had just risen from a sick bed, and who could not attend the funeral, sat in the chamber which had been his daughter's, absorbed in grief. His benign yet intelligent countenance inspired as much interest as esteem; and he appeared, as it were, resigned to misery. He received Campbel, however, with grateful cordiality; and when Lemaire, in speechless agony, flung himself into his arms, the worthy merchant, forgetting his personal sufferings, sought to console his adopted son. Campbel also exerted all the eloquence of feeling and philosophy to calm the mental and dangerous agitation of his friend. As he foresaw, it threw the young

merchant into a dangerous fit of illness, from which, however, he recovered, and in which Archibald watched over him with brotherly solicitude and love. Mr. Harlieb, whose affections were now centred in Alexander, was little less affected by his danger than by the cruel loss he had sustained. To snatch him, if possible, from a premature death, he roused his natural fortitude, aided Campbel in his affecting task, and smothered the expression of his anguish to mitigate that of the wretched Lemaire.

On the recovery of his friend, Campbel, availing himself of the influence he had acquired over the minds of Mr. Harlieb and Alexander, advised them to take a journey to England, as nothing would contribute more effectually to heal their wounded peace, and to make them dwell less frequently on a retrospection of happiness which could never be recalled, than an immediate change of scene, and opening a new field of intellectual research. After a little deliberation,

Mr. Harlieb and Lemaire gave their grateful assent to the proposal; and, having formed an exalted opinion of the natives, from their partial knowledge of Campbel, they determined to fix their residence for some years in England. Alexander had always entertained a high admiration of the English constitution, and of those laws which alike protect the poor and the rich, and award punishment to the guilty, however exalted his rank may be; and he had panted with generous enthusiasm to see his country adopt both the constitution and the independent spirit of her rival in power; though he was too good a patriot to wish even what he considered to be her welfare to be effected by civil war, or the intervention of foreign force. Archibald, having succeeded even beyond his hopes in his benevolent wish, furnished his hosts with letters to his ever-honored guardian, and to those friends from whose society he knew they must derive pleasure. He then obeyed

the voice of love, which summoned him to Ehrenheim-castle, and parted from Mr. Harlieb and Alexander Lemaire in the pleasing hope of bidding them welcome to his native land in the space of a few months.

CHAP. XI.

A FEW days before Campbel quitted Lubeck, he received a letter from Baron Ehrenheim, which it is necessary we should read. The following were its contents :—

“ Dear Campbel,

“ Your last, which informed us of the recovery of Monsieur Lemaire, and prepared us to expect your speedy return, gave us no little delight. The castle, in Sophia’s eyes, has lost its proudest boast; and, though less anxious, perhaps, I sensibly feel the loss of your society. Yes, my dear son (allow me, though yet unauthorized by the ties of consanguinity, to call you by the endearing name,) I am convinced that every act of your life will confirm my proud expectations, and increase the affection I bear your virtues. Oh, how honorable is candor to the heart, and how beneficial it is ultimately to the possessor! Had you not,

when I offered you my daughter's hand, made me acquainted with your prior, but unsuccessful, attachment to Miss Fairfax, you might not only have lost a lovely bride, but the esteem of her father, by your reserve, and your future prospects of happiness might have been irrevocably blasted. But I will be more explicit :—My friend, Baron Hertzberg, whom you have seen, lately met with an English baronet, who *called* himself your friend, that he might the more easily accomplish, as he flattered himself, the ruin of your happiness. Understanding from the baron that you were affianced to my daughter, at the very time that he affected to rejoice at your approaching felicity, and to express personal admiration and esteem, he contrived to blacken your character, and to represent you as unprincipled, ambitious, and selfish. The baron, though a liberal-minded man, and certainly prepossessed in your favor, you know is not gifted with more than common penetration ; and he was so completely made the dupe of the baronet's

artful mis-statement of facts, that he wrote that very day to warn me against your supposed hypocrisy, and to entreat I would not sacrifice my daughter to one unworthy of her love. Had you witnessed the indignant contempt with which your Sophia treated the vile calumny, had you heard her pledge her existence on your honor, when, to try the strength and stability of her attachment, I pretended to be infected with my friend's doubts, and, to the oratory of energetic affection, join the still more touching eloquence of tears, you would have blessed the treachery that had defeated itself; and that, contrary to the expectations of the traitor, had afforded you incontestable proof of the sincerity with which your love was returned.—Had she a moment hesitated to assert your innocence, she would have sunk deep in my esteem, and not even a father's partiality could have made me blind to injustice so flagrant. I know you too well to request you will bear no resentment against Hertzberg, who now is indignant at the facility with which he fell

into the artful snare that was laid for him. As to the wretch, Sir Leoline, were he to come within my reach, I would not answer for my forbearance ; and I think even *yours* can scarcely overlook an injury so premeditated, and falsehood so base !—But Heaven forbid that I should urge you to risk a life precious to us all !—Leave the wretch to that Providence, which, sooner or later, suffers the retributive sword to strike the wicked, and hasten to form those bonds which are to secure our future happiness. Sophia has enclosed a few lines, but they feebly express the pure affection of her heart ; in the bosom of her husband she will soon, I trust, deposit its most secret thoughts. Adieu, dear Campbel ! time will drag on heavily till we meet again, and I shall think every hour an age till I can legally address you by the name of son.—Once more adieu ! All good attend you !

“ CASPAR VON EHRENHEIM.”

Campbel was not surprised at the malign-

nant attempt of the baronet, though he was greatly moved by the confiding affection and the generous defence which his beloved Sophia had made. Had Hargrave even succeeded in destroying his happiness, revenge was a passion that could have found no place in Campbel's heart; and he more than ever regretted that talents so uncommon should be disgraced by passions so odious and actions so base. As he was stopping to change horses at a village near Lubeck, he unexpectedly met the baronet, who was travelling to that city, and who accosted the man he had strove to injure, with unabashed ease and effrontery.

“Ha! Mr. Campbel,” said the baronet, “I am happy to meet you! You are come on a voyage of discovery, I suppose,—in search of the philosopher's stone, perhaps, or the elixir of immortality? Philosophers, like the renowned Don Quixote, delight in sallying forth on expeditions that appear impracticable to vulgar mortals; and their

success, generally speaking, is as brilliant as their common sense is conspicuous.”

“ Sir Leoline, I understand the drift of your irony ; but I am far from partaking the bitter spirit in which it is spoken. We know each other, baronet ; and, if we are wise, we shall avoid entering into argument, as neither you nor I can convert each other.”

“ I make no pretensions to wisdom, Mr. Campbel ; it is not in my line. If you think proper to take offence, because I candidly acknowledge that the visions of philosophers are too sublime for my limited capacity to comprehend, I am sorry for it. But, if *my* ignorance shocks you, you have only to go to the *illuminées* of the Kantian school, and there you will meet with logicians as enlightened as yourself. I question if the eloquent Miss Fairfax could descant with greater perspicuity on the immaculate virtue of the human heart than the disciples of that prince of philosophers, Kant,

could explain the system of their illustrious master !”

“ You are a good marksman, Sir Leoline; you point your arrows where they will deepest wound, and exult in your skill ! I have no such weapons ; the contest is therefore unequal ;—but, if you have not abjured all manly feeling, do not suffer a name, which ought to excite very different sensations, irreverently to pass your lips.”

“ If you are disposed to challenge every person who shall dare to call the good sense and prudence of Miss Fairfax in question, you may challenge half London. But if you will stand forth her champion,” continued the baronet, with a look of defiance, “ I am ready to put your valor to the proof as soon as you please.”

“ Could I have repaired the mental injury that a most amiable young lady sustained from her too-confiding affection,” replied Campbel, with dignified calmness, “ by the sacrifice of my life, I would not have shrunk from the trial ; but her tranquillity

is now restored ; and, with respect to myself, I, like her, have been taught by one of the best of men, that the only revenge the injured ought to take is to return good for evil."

"Humph! A mighty convenient doctrine, truly, for the weak and the cowardly!" retorted Sir Leoline, with a sneer:—"not that I presume to insinuate any such degrading vice as that of cowardice lurks beneath the heroic zeal of a *philosopher*, or operates on the sweet sentimental disposition of the tender-hearted Miss Fairfax! But I should have thought, Mr. Campbel, that the charms of a certain young baroness would have cooled the fervor of your *disinterested* zeal. Though it cannot fail to extort *my* admiration, it may not accord with *her* estimate of a lover's devotion, or with her father's expectations of a son-in-law; unless, indeed," maliciously added Hargrave, "a *title* is all his lordship can bestow on the young lady, which is often the case with these consequential *Meinherrs*,

though they give themselves the airs of a duke. An English gentleman could buy a dozen such baronies with ease, and their owners into the bargain. But that is, of course, a trifling consideration to an inamorato and a philosopher. The baron, no doubt, is equally disposed to overlook the observance of those punctilios, which most fathers, who have handsome daughters, and handsome fortunes to give them, would insist upon ; and the young baroness cannot but yield implicit faith to the vows of so *disinterested* and *conscientious* a suitor as the gentleman I have the honor to address."

" I am no stranger, Sir Leoline, to the arts by which you lately endeavored to ruin me in the esteem of Baron Ehrenheim, and to rob me of his daughter's love. But had they not been previously made acquainted with my former attachment to Miss Fairfax, had I been loaded with unjust suspicion, my innocence, sooner or

later, must have appeared ;—and, even had you succeeded in destroying my happiness, you could not have robbed me of self-esteem, or have lessened the wrongs which you inflicted on an angel, whose heart was as guileless as it was affectionate.”

“ Really, Mr. Campbel, it is a pity that eloquence so irresistible should be thrown away upon me ! It should be reserved for those tender-hearted pretty misses, who are to be found in every house from Bond-street to Whitechapel ;—*they* would think the orator almost as pathetic as the parish parson when he preaches a charity-sermon ; and as eloquent as their papa’s handsome clerk, when, as he drives Miss to her country-house at Bow in a one-horse *chay*, he expatiates upon love, constancy, and a cottage ! Nay, perhaps, in *your* presence, Jemmy Spruce and his oratory might be forgotten, or only remembered to acknowledge the inferiority of the orator !”

“ Were I a lawyer, Sir Leoline, I might

beat you with your own weapons ; and, were I a duellist, I should call upon you to make what is called an *honorable* atonement for having sought to defame my character ; but I am neither the one nor the other. I harbor no personal resentment, and I hold revenge in horror. Your uncommon talents must ever command my admiration : were they directed to a worthy goal, I should acknowledge your superiority : but while they are only exercised to mislead yourself, and torment those who are so unfortunate as to excite your enmity by pursuing an opposite line of conduct, I must lament that you have it so greatly in your power to commit evil, and to inflict pain.”

“Compassionate youth !—It is some consolation, at least (though smarting under the heavy rod of your censure), that you will condescend to acknowledge my superiority, and own that *you*, a *stoic* and a *philosopher*, have been conquered by the charms of two heroines like Miss Fairfax and the baroness.

Highly must they think themselves distinguished by so flattering a preference ! It is fortunate, Mr. Campbel, that your courage is so accommodating to your philosophy ; but, remember,” continued Hargrave, in the tone of haughty superiority, “ that the man whom you affect to despise, but whom in reality you fear, sets philosophy and philosophers at defiance ; that he laughs at their vamping while he humbles their arrogance ; and, if he deemed it worth the trouble, that he could with a breath throw down the airy castles erected by the folly of dotards and love-sick girls. Do not provoke me to blow away the bubble of greatness which it has cost you so much labor to raise, or to prove to your votaries that the divinity of the idol they worship is of their own creation. Once more, Mr. Campbel, I advise you not to exult too soon in your imaginary triumph, or to think your affected moderation can deceive a man who knows the world. Had you the power, you would

spare me as little as I do such arrogant pretenders as yourself; but you have only the inclination without the wit to retaliate. It is yet to be proved whether the lawyer or the philosopher shall remain lord of the ascendant!"

CHAP. XII.

CAMPBEL was too dignified of mind to suffer the ebullitions of baffled malice to disturb his tranquillity. He felt as secure in his own invariable rectitude as he was in the discerning confidence of those friends whose attachment had stood proof against the Machiavelian arts of the baronet; and the cordial reception he experienced on his return to Ehrenheim-castle justified the security he placed in the baron's friendship, while the tenderness of his beloved Sophia inspired the most exquisite but rational hopes of future happiness. Before the celebration of their nuptials the baron thought it necessary to go to Dresden with his daughter and her betrothed bridegroom, to present them to the elector, that he might, according to the forms of court etiquette, solicit his consent to their union. It was graciously granted. The elector, who was partial to the English, received Campbel with distinguished

favor ; and, to testify the respect he entertained for his old friend, his highness would have presented the young philosopher with a barony, and bestowed an order on him ; but Campbel modestly, though firmly, declined accepting those honors, for both the baron and himself were of opinion, that, unless he had merited them by performing some distinguished service to the state, they would only expose him to invidious jealousy and ridicule. Archibald, indeed, independent of these considerations, though he had no objection that *titles* should be conferred on virtue and merit, thought that *simplicity* and *independence* were the highest, as they were the most desirable, distinctions that man could obtain. The elector was a man of sense, and, though he would have willingly bound such a disinterested votary to his service, he was less disappointed that his princely favors should be refused by one who had the courage to maintain his independence in a despotic state, than he felt indignant at seeing them grasped

at by every knave or fool who obsequiously paid their court only, perhaps, to meet with a contemptuous rejection from the idol to which their fulsome incense was offered up.

After spending a few weeks at the *Residence*, in compliance with the elector's request, Campbel once more returned, with the baron and Lady Sophia, to Ehrenheim-castle, where they were received by their vassals with rustic honors and heartfelt joy, for Ehrenheim was no less beloved than respected in his domains; and the young baroness was idolized by the villagers. Part of the baron's family, who all approved of his bestowing her on their mutual deliverer, except the father of the young count who had aspired to her hand, assisted at the nuptials, which were solemnized with more festivity than is usual in mansions where ancestral dignity and magnificence are to be maintained.

The baron was aware, when he bestowed his daughter on Campbel, that his son-in-law did not intend to reside in Germany,

for Archibald considered that England had a just claim to his preference, though he was not so bigotted a lover of his country as to refuse his unaffected and cordial esteem to a nation, whose moral and intellectual claims were little less high than those of the English, and whose frank and social manners were so congenial to his taste. Ehrenheim had not, however, the courage to immediately separate from his daughter ; who, as we before said, from her infancy had been the idol of his heart ; and he resolved (as Baron Hertzberg had told Hargrave) to accompany the bride and bridegroom to England, and remain, during a twelvemonth, with his children. Their departure had been fixed to take place in six months after the celebration of the marriage ; but the eldest daughter of the baron, and her husband, Count Blumenfeldt, whose estate was situated in a distant electorate, prolonged their visit to the length of four months, and they prevailed on Campbel and their sister to return with them, first

to the *Residence*, which was well worth the attention of a traveller, and then to their castle. The baron was prevented from immediately joining the social circle by the necessity of regulating various matters relative to the comfort of his vassals, which he would not trust to his steward ; but he promised, in three months, to follow his children to ****, and from thence to proceed, with Campbel and Lady Sophia, to Hamburgh, where they intended to set sail for England.

A few days after their arrival at the electorate of ****, Count Blumenfeldt introduced his sister-in law and her husband at the court of his sovereign, who, though he graciously smiled on the count and Lady Sophia, received Campbel, notwithstanding he was the bearer of letters from the elector of Saxony, in which the latter had strongly recommended him to his brother elector, with a coldness that surprised and vexed the count. Archibald was too much of a philosopher to feel mortified by the icy civility of the prince ; but he was not long at a loss

to account for the coldness of his reception. As they quitted the presence-chamber, it was entered by Sir Leoline Hargrave, for whom the courtiers obsequiously made way, and who, as he passed, bowed to Campbel, with a smile of triumph that was perfectly intelligible to him.

“ Who is that handsome elegant stranger ? ” whispered the count.

“ An English baronet, of large fortune and uncommon talents,” replied Campbel.

“ You are, no doubt, acquainted ? ”

“ But slightly.”

Here the conversation dropped. But, as they passed through the antichamber, the count was stopped by an acquaintance, who, when mutual salutations had passed, said, “ Did you see the gentleman who came in as you quitted the drawing-room ? ”

“ I did ; but he is a foreigner, and only lately arrived, I imagine.”

“ Oh, no ! he arrived almost immediately after you set off on your journey to Saxony.”

“ Indeed !”

“ Yes : have not you then heard of the change that has taken place in the ministry ?”

“ No ; for we were so fatigued with our journey, that I have not seen a creature before to-day. But pray, tell me, is Baron Schwartwald then displaced ?”

“ A month ago he was forced to resign ; and the English baronet, who, from the first day of his presentation, had paid his court with the most brilliant success to the elector, was nominated prime minister.”

“ You astonish me, chevalier !”

“ Why, yes,” continued the courtier, lowering his voice, “ it has created no little astonishment that the choice of his highness should fall on a foreigner.”

“ And is the baronet popular ?” said the count.

The chevalier significantly shook his head ; and, being afraid to converse on so ticklish a topic in so public a place, he bowed, and left them. Campbel sighed when he reflected

that the welfare of a whole people was committed to the trust of a man whose ambition knew no bounds, whose temper was selfish and arbitrary, and whose morals were depraved. Yet, when he recollected the uncommon powers of his mind, and that it was not impossible they might yet be directed to great and good purposes, he hoped that the importance of the duties he had undertaken to fulfil would rouse him to a sense of his flagrant abuse of talents that were transcendent, and, to use a metaphor, induce him to turn them from the stagnant pool of vice into the pure and flowing channel of virtue. Such was the hope of enthusiastic benevolence!—we shall presently see how far it was sanctioned by justice and probability.

As Count Blumenfeldt had been content to enjoy a moderate fortune, and, as much from personal indolence as mental independence, had not shackled himself with gilded fetters, he only returned to court to take leave of the elector, a form which he could not omit, consistently with etiquette; nor

could Campbel avoid accompanying the count, except with framing false excuses, which he disdained to do, without violating the decorum which politeness demanded, and exposing him, perhaps, to his sovereign's displeasure. Sir Leoline did not happen to be present ; and the elector, whether he was urged by *ennui* or caprice, entered into conversation with the young philosopher. His highness was so much pleased with Campbel's intelligence, and struck with the novelty of being spoken to as a *man*, and not addressed as if he were the Dalai Lama, a Chinese idol, or the grand signior, that coldness gradually subsided into condescending familiarity ; and, after acknowledging himself obliged to the elector of Saxony for making him acquainted with a young gentleman of such distinguished merit, he cordially invited Campbel to fix his residence at his court, and accept of a place near his person. This offer the latter gratefully declined, but in a manner that convinced his highness that he was not to be won over by any bribe to submit

to courtly bondage. The elector, however, insisted that, before he quitted his dominions, he should spend another week at the *Residence*, and visit the electoral family.

The next day Campbel, with his beloved Sophia and her relations, repaired to the count's estate. While they are enjoying that happiness, of which they are mutually worthy, we will once more return to Eleonor and her excellent friends.

CHAP. XIII.

THE returning vivacity of Eleonor was hailed by Mr. Fairfax and his lady with delight unmixed with doubt or apprehension, as they saw it was now accompanied by that prudence of which she had been so painfully taught the necessity. Mrs. Altamont, on her return from the country, waited upon the aunt and uncle, and seized every opportunity to testify her esteem for their character, and the partial regard which she bore their charming niece. In the society of Mrs. Altamont Eleonor acquired that *usage du monde* which she had yet to learn ; and the acquisition did not tarnish one virtue, or lessen one mental charm,—a truth to which, perhaps, the fair votaries of Romance will not readily yield conviction. The elopement of Lady Clarissa, her incorrigible depravity, and, finally, her premature and wretched end, excited unaffected concern in the generous Eleonor ; nor could she refuse a tear

to the memory of her once-loved friend, or to the parental sufferings of the earl, who did not long survive the loss of his ever-idolized daughter. Mrs. Altamont was deeply affected by this doubly melancholy catastrophe; but the return of her nephew, Lord Rupert, softened the blow. That gallant young nobleman did not, however, long bear the title of his father; he was created a marquis in consideration of his services abroad, and, by virtue of an act of parliament, took the name of a rich Indian heiress, to whom he was betrothed, and whom he married, as soon as he had paid the customary tribute of respect to the earl's memory.

Mr. Fairfax received letters from Campbell, announcing his engagement and subsequent marriage with the young baroness; and they excited a momentary regret in his mind that his favorite wish had so utterly failed: but both he and Mrs. Fairfax rejoiced in the merited happiness of their young friend, especially as Eleonor had

frankly declared that she felt she could never love, though she highly esteemed, Mr. Campbel. Miss Fairfax, however, solemnly assured her friends she would never contract any engagement which did not meet with their entire approbation; and it gave them no little pleasure to find that she no longer cherished an aversion to those bonds, which, if judiciously formed, constitute, perhaps, the greatest charm of existence.

Eleonor, at the house of Mrs. Altamont, again met with Sir Cecil Conway, the young baronet who had gone abroad to disappoint the matrimonial designs which Lady Clarissa and the earl had formed on his person, and who, to torment her ladyship, had expressed the admiration he entertained for her lovely friend, which would have become serious had he not understood that she was engaged to the amiable barrister. Sir Cecil was unaffectedly pleased at the meeting, and still more delighted to find she was disengaged. He introduced himself to Mr. Fair-

fax, and secured the influence of Mrs. Altamont to prevail on the guardian to admit him as a suitor to his niece. The baronet had every recommendation in his favor : his person was handsome, and his understanding good. He was a man of rank, not to speak of his fortune, which was little inferior to that of the selfish Hargrave. His temper, though whimsical, was generous and kind. The complete d—nation of his grand heroic-operatic-tragi-comedy had cured him of his conceit; and his temporary eccentricities did not warp the natural goodness of his heart. Mr. Fairfax, though he thought permanent happiness was more likely to be secured in that class in which Eleonor was born, being pleased with the frank and liberal overtures of the baronet, and impressed with a high opinion of Mrs. Altamont's judgment, did not refuse to admit of Sir Cecil's visits; but he referred him to Eleonor to receive or reject his suit as she might think proper. The young baronet eagerly availed himself of the permission, and took the first opportunity

that offered to solicit the favor of Miss Fairfax. He pleaded with less eloquence, perhaps, but with more sincerity, than the hypocrite Sir Leoline had used on a similar occasion ; but his suit, however, did not meet with so favorable a verdict. Eleonor felt truly grateful for the distinction Sir Cecil paid her, but her heart was untouched by his merit, and she, like her uncle, was persuaded that, in high life, a great portion of happiness is unavoidably sacrificed to the etiquette of rank : she therefore gave a gentle but firm rejection to the baronet, who, finding that his urgent entreaties only inflicted pain without changing the determination of Eleonor, had too much feeling and good sense to persist in his suit, and he took leave of that young lady, imbued with increased admiration, and the most lively regret. As he had had comparatively little opportunity of being intimately acquainted with those endearing qualities which had made so deep and lasting an impression upon Campbel, Sir Cecil, though greatly dis-

appointed, did not long feel unhappy; he again, and with greater skill, resumed the pen, and the public were indebted to the baronet's disappointment for a volume of poems, which were read with avidity by every votary of Cupid, and true lover of the muses.

Soon after the dismissal of Sir Cecil Conway, one day after dinner, as Eleonor was sitting with her aunt and uncle, a stranger was announced.

“ Had not we better retire, my dear ?” said Mrs. Fairfax, rising ; “ perhaps the gentleman comes on business.”

“ That is not likely,” replied her husband ; “ if so, he would go to the banking-house, and one of the partners would be sure to be there. You know, my dear,” continued Mr. Fairfax, smiling, “ I never permit the ladies to retire as long as I can suffer them to remain with comfort to themselves. So pray sit still ; and if the gentleman, contrary to my expectation, should wish for a private conference, I will take

him to my study ; for, really, though vested with the lordly authority of an English husband, I must own, I do not think I ought to turn my wife out of her own apartment."

" Oh, dear, uncle!" cried Eleonor, " if all husbands were like you, how many good wives there would be !"

" You ought to say, Eleonor," replied her uncle, " that if married women used their judgment, and were as complying and good-humored as your aunt is, good husbands would not be so scarce.—But a truce to compliments ! I hear the stranger."

The drawing-room door was now opened by the footman, who introduced a young gentleman, whose appearance was too striking not to command attention : he was in deep mourning, and his dignified yet melancholy countenance excited no less sympathy than interest. Perhaps, though a stranger to Mr. Fairfax and his family, the reader will have recognised a friend, and will bid him welcome to the hospitable country

which never refuses an asylum to the distressed and unhappy. Alexander Lemaire (for it was no other than the young merchant), addressing Mr. Fairfax in broken English, made himself known as the friend of Campbel, and presented his letter of introduction. Mr. Harlieb had been too much indisposed with the voyage to accompany his son-in-law, and Lemaire had come alone. They had not a single acquaintance in London, could scarcely speak the English language, and consequently would be at the mercy of every extortioner till they could procure that information which would put them on their guard against imposition.

Mr. Fairfax, having requested Lemaire to be seated, and introduced him to the ladies, read Campbel's letter, which increased the prepossession he had already conceived in favor of the young merchant. He gave him a most cordial reception, which was seconded by his lady, and insisted that Mr. Harlieb and himself should become his guests as soon as the former should be suffi-

ciently recovered from his fatigue to leave the inn, and that they should remain in Baker-street till they were familiarized with the town, and could make themselves intelligible. Understanding that they proposed to establish a mercantile house in London, he offered his services to aid them in making the necessary arrangements with other houses, and in choosing an eligible situation. Both his invitation and this friendly offer were gratefully accepted by Lemaire, who soon took his leave, being unwilling to remain long absent from the worthy Mr. Harlieb. The attractive loveliness of Eleonor was lost on Alexander; his grief for the death of an adored wife was as deep as it was sincere; the most beautiful objects in his eyes had no charm; and even the more winning graces of the mind failed to produce their effect. Eleonor, notwithstanding the intelligence that beamed in her eyes, and the honeyed accents that hung on her lips, was seen and heard with indifference by the unhappy widower; and, had he met her the next half-

hour, her countenance would have escaped his recollection. Both Mr. Fairfax and his lady were no less pleased than they were interested by the gentle yet dignified manners of Lemaire ; and the sensibility which glistened in his eye, when he spoke of their ever-cherished Archibald, proved that he was worthy of the zealous warmth with which the latter had extolled the virtues of his friend. The next morning Mr. Fairfax returned the visit of the young merchant, and was introduced by him to Mr. Harlieb. They were mutually prepossessed in each other's favor ; and, as Mr. Harlieb felt considerably better, at the urgent request of Mr. Fairfax he consented to immediately remove to Baker-street with his son-in-law. The latter were received with hospitable kindness by Mrs. Fairfax, and Eleonor cheerfully aided her aunt in paying their guests those delicate attentions which mark the benevolent heart and refined sensibility. Mr. Harlieb, notwithstanding his affliction, was forcibly struck by the form and countenance of

Eleonor, and the endearing sweetness of her disposition did not long pass unnoticed even by Alexander Lemaire. She knew that he was suffering under affliction of the most aggravated nature ; she perceived the internal and painful struggles he made to conceal those sufferings, to support them with manly fortitude, and to console the worthy Mr. Harlieb. She wept for the untimely fate of the unfortunate Agnes, and sympathized in a father's sorrow. But the uncommon mental endowments of Lemaire, his expressive countenance, and the mingled gentleness and enthusiasm of his character, so resembling to her own, excited an interest as deep as it was imperceptible. When she addressed him, her voice unconsciously modulated into the sweet but melancholy minor ; her eyes filled with tears when he spoke with no less feeling than eloquence of the virtues of his lamented Agnes ; and at such moments she thought that to be so regretted, were she united to such a man, she would be content to die. The interest with which Eleonor

listened to these praises, and the sensibility she betrayed on such occasions, insensibly soothed Alexander's grief, and created a growing sympathy between the young people that did not escape the notice of Mr. Harlieb and her uncle. They perceived it with mutual satisfaction. In Alexander Lemaire Mr. Fairfax daily discovered qualities the most elevated and endearing. Campbel did not apparently possess a more philosophic mind, greater fortitude of soul, or a more liberal and kind heart. The fondest parent, having the happiness of his child at stake, could not choose a more trust-worthy guardian than Archibald's friend. Such were the sentiments which Mr. Fairfax entertained of the young merchant: those which Eleonor inspired in Mr. Harlieb, in spite of a partial father's regret, were not less favorable. He was too liberal of mind, deeply as he lamented his daughter's premature death, to wish that Lemaire should bury every youthful joy and social affection in her grave. It was more than a twelvemonth

since the fatal accident had happened, and Alexander had proved the sincerity of his grief, not in violent paroxysms or intrusive complaints, but in the dignified silence of true feeling, in the resolute mastery of his passions, by the reverence in which he held the memory of his wife, and the filial veneration he paid to her wretched father. In Eleonor their beloved and ever-lamented Agnes seemed to be revived; and Mr. Harlieb hoped in her to recover the daughter he had lost.

We will leave the little urchin Cupid to spread his net, and insnare the unwary hearts that flutter round the magic circle, and rejoin the happy pair from whom we parted with regret.

CHAP. XIV.

THE selfish unprincipled sensualist, who, from the first period of their acquaintance, had endeavored to thwart and injure the man whom he hated, and whose virtues were silent but severe censors on his own conduct, was destined not only to be an unwilling witness to his exquisite felicity, but to have the still greater mortification of seeing him treated with the most flattering distinction by the elector, his master, while he, for the moment, was thrown into the shade. Envious malignity, sooner or later, brings merited punishment on the possessor, and defeats its aim.

The *chateau* of Count Blumenfeldt lay on the road to a hunting-seat belonging to the elector, and was remarkable for the beauty of its situation, and its Gothic architecture. Soon after Campbel and Lady Sophia had followed their brother-in-law to his estate, one morning, as the happy pair

were strolling in the adjacent woods, through which there was a carriage-road, their attention was roused by the distant neighing of horses, and presently a coach-and-eight, the windows of which were open, approached, followed by three other carriages, and numerous outriders. Campbel looked up and recognised the elector, who occupied the first carriage, with a prince of the blood, and his minister. His highness, who was admiring the majestic scenery of the spot, no less quickly recognised the young philosopher; he pulled the check-string, ordered the coachman to halt, opened the carriage-door, and leaving his cousin in amazement, and the minister in rage and consternation unutterable, joined Campbel and the young baroness, and graciously entered into conversation with them. Understanding, on inquiry, that the count was not absent from the castle, the elector invited himself and his suite to be his guests for the night. To complete the mortification of Sir Leoline, he insisted

that Campbel and Lady Sophia should take a seat in his carriage; and, as it could only conveniently accommodate four persons, he requested the baronet to alight, and place himself in the second coach, which had also halted, and in which were the two sons of the elector, with their governor. The sovereign's *request* is paramount to a command, when addressed to a courtier; as such the mortified *premier* felt it, and writhed under the mortification. Campbel felt distressed at receiving distinction which he knew would inflict mortal pain on the arrogant Hargrave, and blushed for the man in the humiliation of the minister. Wishing to spare him this merited humiliation, he offered to proceed on foot, to announce the intended visit of the elector to his brother-in-law; but to that his highness would not consent, and Sir Leoline, as a politic courtier, was forced to assume an air of cordial civility toward the man, whom (had he possessed the power) he would have

annihilated with a glance. Campbel, who was superior to mean retaliation or ungenerous triumph, though he could not, like the baronet, wear the mask of officious civility, forbore to expose him by treating his hypocrisy with the contempt it deserved. When the *premier* had alighted, the elector, turning to Archibald, asked him if they had been long acquainted.

“ It is about three years since we first met,” replied Campbel.

“ What is your opinion of Sir Leoline’s talents?” continued his highness, looking fixedly at him, as if to dive into his secret thoughts.

“ That they are uncommon.”

“ Were you intimate with him in your own country ?”

“ No, sire ; we were merely acquaintance.”

“ Tell me candidly,” said the elector again, fixing his eyes on Campbel, “ are you not enemies ?”

“ Our opinions and sentiments differ, sire ; but I should be sorry to cherish enmity against any man.”

“ You are not, perhaps, aware that he cherishes an illiberal dislike to you ?”

“ He erroneously supposes that I bear him ill will. I pity his mistake, and forgive the injustice he does my character.”

“ Before your presentation he had, I acknowledge, prejudiced me against you ; and, till I conversed with you on your taking leave, I was led by his insinuations to believe that you were a partisan of revolutionary violence, and an enemy to all order and regular government.”

“ I cannot imagine how he could form so erroneous a judgment ; but I am not so much surprised as I am grieved that such mistakes should arise. I have heard principles of the purest morality, flowing from the lips of the enlightened philanthropist, misrepresented by intolerant prejudice ; I have heard patriots, whose integrity was not to be bribed, whose peaceable tenets

were not to be shaken even by unmerited and bitter persecution, accused by one party of abject meanness, because they would not countenance intemperance in *any* political opinions ; and by the opposite of harboring rancour and violence, at which they shuddered. If men like these cannot escape the poisoned shafts of calumny, I cannot expect to be more fortunate. It behoves me, therefore, in imitation of those virtuous martyrs in the cause of truth, to meet injustice with dignified patience ; and, like them, whenever I have the power, to return good for evil. The times are pregnant with great events ; the passions are roused to a climax dangerous not only to their possessor, but to society ; they will, I fear, hurl many down the dread precipice of guilt ; but I still hope and believe that the omnipotence of virtue will finally prevail ; that party rancor will subside into a mutual emulation to promote the general good, in defiance of personal prejudices ; and could I, by the sacrifice of my life,

accelerate the grand work of humanity, I would not hesitate to pay the debt, which every human being contracts towards his fellow-creatures."

" These feelings do honor to your heart, Mr. Campbel ; but, surely, you would not refuse to accept the place of prime minister, should it hereafter be tendered to you, because it was occupied by your inveterate enemy ? That would be a sacrifice that even a *friend*, if he were a *courtier*, could not reasonably demand."

" Pardon me, sire ; it would be no sacrifice. I should only consult my own peace of mind. The very circumstance you mention would force me to decidedly decline the acceptance of a post to which my ambition never aspired ; for, granting that I felt *conscientiously* convinced I was possessed of sufficient virtue and ability to fulfil it with honor to myself, credit to your highness, and advantage to the country, though I am not on terms of friendship with Sir Leoline, to basely supplant him in the

favor of your highness would justly impeach my moral integrity, and destroy that self-respect which I prize more highly than the proudest honors worldly ambition could grasp. Excuse the freedom, sire, with which I have ventured to deliver my opinion; and be assured that I am by no means insensible to the good opinion of your highness, or to the flattering attention I receive."

"Happy England!" exclaimed the elector, turning to Campbel; "she can boast of giving birth not only to citizens whose independence is the monarch's firmest support, but to philosophers as disinterested as they are enlightened! I honor your feelings, Mr. Campbel, continued his highness; and, though I lament your refusal to accept of a place at my court, I feel too much interested in your happiness to endeavor to conquer your resolution. Should you, however, on reflection, alter your determination, I shall be most happy to acquire a friend who will dare be sincere, and to give my subjects a

minister who will conscientiously fulfil his high trust; for their happiness is no less dear to me than my own. As a testimony of the esteem you have inspired, I pledge my honor that any request you make, either now or hereafter, shall be granted; for I am well assured that you would ask nothing that the most scrupulous justice could not sanction."

Campbel felt truly grateful for the kindness of the elector, which was the more flattering as he acknowledged he had been prepossessed against him by artful misrepresentation; but he was still more gratified to discover, by his conversation, that he was worthy to occupy the throne he filled, and that he made the welfare of his people the first object of his solicitude. With respect to the promise his highness had voluntarily made, he only valued it as a mark of personal consideration, of which it was neither his wish nor his intention to avail himself. Lady Sophia listened to her beloved Campbel with mingled pride and pleasure, and

was little less delighted with the frank affability of the elector. When the carriage stopped in the avenue, both that prince and his friends regretted the shortness of the ride. Count Blumenfeldt, who had been made acquainted with the approach of his sovereign, received him with his household in the great hall, and welcomed the princes and their suite with noble hospitality. The count was ignorant that Sir Leoline had basely attempted to calumniate the character of Campbel, and break off his marriage, for the latter had requested Lady Sophia to be silent on the subject. Being no less fascinated by his manners (as all who did not thoroughly know him were) than struck with admiration at his wit and eloquence, which he took care to display whenever an opportunity offered, he addressed his conversation and listened to him with flattering deference; and Campbel, who was truly generous, prevailed on his Sophia to smother her rising resentment, that she might not wound her brother-in-law, by treating

his guest with the contempt he deserved. The elector seemed, however, determined to inflict that just mortification on his minister which Campbel endeavored to ward off. He paid the most marked distinction to the young philosopher, and said, in the hearing of Hargrave, that, "till he had conversed with Mr. Campbel, he had thought the English no less arrogant than presumptuous, in making an exclusive claim to intellectual superiority; and he had not believed in the existence of that manly independence which never stoops to servility, or barter freedom for the uncertain favors and abject bondage of a court." This was sufficiently galling to the minister, but a trivial incident increased his envy and inward rage. Lady Sophia was a fine performer on the piano-forte, and sung with exquisite taste and expression. After tea, the elector asked her to favor them with a specimen of her excellence; but the young baroness, who was remarkably timid, begged to be excused, and his highness was

too polite to insist. Campbel had not happened to be present when the request was made, but he knew the elector was a connoisseur, and that he would be gratified with his wife's performance; he therefore asked her to sing, being ignorant of what had passed in his absence. Lady Sophia, who was seated beside the elector, after looking at Archibald with the most touching sweetness, addressed herself to the prince, and said, "I fear your highness will scarcely acquit me of disrespect if I consent to oblige my husband, after having refused to comply with your request; but if you will accept my apology, sire, and only attribute my refusal to the fear of disappointing your expectations, I will take courage, and make an attempt to sing." The elector, though he felt little compunction at inflicting mortification on the arrogant, yet supple minister, was too gallant to mortify a fair lady who appealed to his generosity, and expressed himself obliged by her final compliance. Campbel repaid her exertion

and self-conquest with a look that would have made the most painful effort appear light, and the young baroness sung a beautiful canzonet of Haydn (the words of which were consonant to the affection which subsisted between herself and her husband) with such exquisite feeling, that when she had finished, and his highness had paid the just tribute of praise, he turned to Campbel, and said,—“ You are a happy man, Mr. Campbel; Lady Sophia has proved that she is no less affectionate and complying to her husband than she is timid and reserved towards strangers. You are worthy of each other, and I congratulate you on your mutual felicity, which is derived from too pure a source not to be lasting. I do not wonder that, having such a companion to sympathize in every joy and sorrow, you should prefer the exquisite delights of affection to the illusive pleasures and restless cares of ambition. How wise, how dignified, is your choice! Well may you be an object of envy to those who

witness your happiness, but who cannot appreciate your worth !”

Sir Leoline was on the rack: at the conclusion of his speech, the eye of the elector involuntarily fell upon the minister, and it expressed mingled pity and contempt. Unable to endure its penetrating search, Hargrave pleaded a violent head-ach, and retired to his chamber, where he vented the malignant envy of his soul in curses low and deep. Unable to compose himself to rest, he lay awake, forming projects of revenge as impracticable as they were violent, till morning. The elector, after partaking of a slight collation, proceeded on his excursion, leaving Campbel gratefully impressed with his kindness, and the liberal candor he had shewn.

Days, weeks, and months, imperceptibly glided away in uninterrupted happiness: Baron Ehrenheim rejoined his children, and (greatly to the regret of the count and his lady), after spending a month longer than they had proposed to do at the castle,

Campbel, with the young baroness and her father, quitted their noble relations, first to pay the promised visit to the elector, then to proceed direct on their journey to Hamburg. It was in the evening when they reached the *Residence*. They alighted at a principal hotel ; and the baron took a segar, and amused himself with reading the newspaper : Lady Sophia felt indisposed, and fatigued with the journey, and the attention of Campbel was wholly devoted to her. The baron had not long glanced over the paper, when he suddenly uttered an exclamation of surprise, turned to his son-in-law, and said,—“ If revenge could exist in a heart like yours, dear Archibald, you would have cause to triumph.”

“ Which way ? ”

“ The base Sir Leoline has met the just reward of his treachery and malice : his reign is over, his turpitude is exposed, and he is now a prisoner—in all probability, for life ! ”

“ Good heavens ! How has this come to pass ? ”

“ You shall hear. He not only, it seems, thinking himself secure, burdened the people with taxes, which excited popular disturbance, and exercised an unwarranted stretch of power in the case of a mercantile house, the proprietors of which had the courage to appeal from the minister to their sovereign ; but was detected in holding a correspondence with a nobleman in exile, in which he reviled the elector, set his authority at defiance, and so far committed himself in political matters, that, though the letters did not contain sufficient treasonable documents to render the life of the writer forfeit to the laws, government will be authorized in keeping him a close prisoner for life, which is the avowed intention of his highness.”

Campbel listened to this account with real pain of heart. He thought that prisons were bad schools of reform ; and lamented

that even his *enemy* (being possessed of talents, which, if properly directed, might highly benefit his fellow-citizens, and do honor to himself) should be cut off from all chance of making atonement for his past vices, and acquiring a reputation which would be no less solid than brilliant. He expressed these regrets to the baron, who, though he admired his magnanimity, could not agree with him in opinion.

“He is the more dangerous,” said he, “because his talents are allowed to be of the first order; his fellow-citizens, therefore, will be benefited by his imprisonment.”

“Of that I doubt,” replied Campbel: “could he be roused to a thorough sense of his moral turpitude, the strength of his mind would guarantee his future good conduct, and he would become a most useful and meritorious member of society. I fervently hope,” continued he, with benevolent energy, “that I may yet be enabled, by claiming the elector’s royal promise, to snatch Sir Leoline from a fate so horrible! At the

time his highness bestowed so signal a mark of esteem, I did not think it would ever have been claimed ; but I now sincerely rejoice that it is in my power to convert it to so worthy an use !”

“ And will you stretch out a saving hand to the wretch who not only attempted to blast your prospects of happiness, but who to treacherous insinuation added still baser calumny ?”

“ I should despise myself, dear sir, if I suffered personal injury to overbalance the consideration that Sir Leoline’s release might promote the public good ; besides, a *fallen enemy* is no longer an object of hatred even to those who hold resentment and vengeance to be virtues. I will write immediately, to request a conference with the elector ; and I shall indeed be disappointed if my appeal in the behalf of the baronet should be rejected.”

Campbel then retired to write ; and the young baroness, looking after him with mingled love and admiration, said,—“ Oh,

my dear father ! I thought it was impossible I could feel increased veneration for my husband's character ; but it daily rises in my estimation, and makes me blush at my own inferiority."

" I acknowledge he is our superior," replied the baron ; " and, far from feeling envy at his superiority, I am proud to have a son-in-law whose virtues command no less reverence than affection."

The next morning Campbel waited on the elector, who received him alone, and with unaffected cordiality. His highness had a *presentiment* he came to claim his promise : he half-hoped he had changed his mind, and that he was no longer averse to accept of the high post which was for the moment vacant ; but nothing was further from his thoughts than that he came to plead for the disgraced minister, and he kindly encouraged him to speak ; but when he mentioned the name of Hargrave, and interceded in his behalf, the countenance of the elector assumed a grave, though not haughty displeasure, that would

have intimidated a less zealous suppliant from proceeding. Campbel, however, was not to be intimidated from performing what he conceived to be his duty: without forgetting the respect he owed to the elector's rank, he appealed to his feelings as a man, and represented the cruel position of Hargrave in such pathetic colors, that his highness was considerably moved, yet he was not convinced by his arguments of the propriety of granting his request.

“ I allow,” said the elector, whose features were softened again into benignity, “ that perpetual imprisonment is a dreadful calamity, especially to those whose fortune is affluent, whose ambition is insatiate, and whose habits and inclinations are depraved. I ought to have immediately dismissed a man from my service who had calumniated a worthy gentleman, and dared to deceive his prince ; but though, from the moment I discovered the odious calumny, I painfully suspected his principles, I did not wish to be rash, or to act upon those suspicions,

without having incontestable proof of their truth. I, like you, did justice to his uncommon talents, and flattered myself they might be ultimately turned to the advantage of my country; but I determined to narrowly watch not only his public but his private conduct, in justice to my people and myself. The result of my investigation has proved the folly of my past forbearance, and terminated in the merited downfall of the minister. He has incurred the penalty of the law: it is rigorous, I own; and I would not put it in force had I not discovered not only that Sir Leoline was guilty of the most hateful hypocrisy and ingratitude towards myself, but that he dared to violate the privileges and liberties of my people; and he displays an effrontery in vice which I never saw equalled. My word is pledged, it is true, Mr. Campbel; but neither you nor I could foresee that circumstances would arise which would put it out of my power to comply with your request. At the same time, I beg you will be assured it is with the greatest reluctance

I refuse a gentleman for whom I have the highest esteem."

"Were I not convinced," respectfully urged Campbel, "that, by suffering Sir Leo-line to return to his own country, your highness would take the only means likely to awaken him to repentance, and that he might become as zealous in the promulgation of good as he appears to have been of evil, I would not be so urgent, sire, or seem to take an unfair advantage of the unmerited mark of honor you bestowed, in allowing me to claim your royal promise; but, having this conviction, I think it my duty even to risk incurring the imputation of presumption, which is far from my thoughts, and again conjure your highness to remit the sentence of the baronet."

"You have fought hard, and the victory is yours!" replied the elector, with a gracious smile, "I have lived too long in the world, and seen too much of courtiers, to entertain any hopes of that reform which to your sanguine benevolence appears even probable: but, though my judgment is not

convinced by the arguments you have alleged, the motives which impel you (contrary to your nice sense of propriety) to urge your request are so dignified, and the generosity with which you plead for a malignant calumniator is so extraordinary, that I cannot wound you by persisting in a refusal. I will give immediate orders for the release of Sir Leoline ; but I understand that, owing to his unbounded extravagance, he is five thousand pounds in debt ; and that his principal creditor, who has personal cause of complaint against him, was determined to proceed with all the rigor of the law on his dismissal from the ministry, had not he been prevented by his imprisonment, which took place almost immediately after. Should this creditor claim the protection of the laws, and inflict that penalty which, at your entreaty, I forbear to enforce, the baronet must take the consequence. When he shall have arranged his affairs to the satisfaction of his creditors, I shall insist on his quitting

my dominions, never to return, under pain of perpetual imprisonment.”

Campbel quitted the elector, imbued with sentiments of gratitude and esteem, and lost no time in rendering his generous intercession effectually beneficial to Hargrave: he drew a draft of six thousand pounds on his banker, and enclosed it to Sir Leoline in a letter, of which the following is a copy; and which, being fearful of accidents, he conveyed himself to the baronet:—

“ Sir,

“ Do not think I write to insult over your misfortunes, or to indulge in the hateful passion of revenge: my feelings are very different. Though I cannot approve your actions, or adopt your principles, your talents have a claim to my respect: they might be as beneficially as they have hitherto been destructively employed, and confer greater honor on you than the possession of a title and estate. I understand, from un-

doubted authority, that, for want of the means to satisfy the demands of urgent creditors, you are liable to be detained a prisoner, perhaps for life; for I cannot conceal from you that the elector is not disposed to shew you any favor, and that he requires you to immediately quit his dominions when you have satisfied the demands of your creditors. They amount, I am informed, to five thousand pounds: I have enclosed a draft for six, which I hope will enable you to return to England: should it not be sufficient, another thousand is at your service. I do not wish you to think yourself under personal obligation; I only perform an act of duty: but, as a man, I call on you to rouse from that pernicious indulgence of the passions which has so fearfully perverted your mind and hardened your heart. If not resolutely conquered, those passions will hurl you down a precipice from which no friendly arm can snatch you! Should we hereafter meet, it will be without enmity on my side;

and should I see Sir Leoline acting a part in society worthy of his superior talents, and of that elevated rank which ought to be the beacon of talent and virtue, I shall indeed rejoice, and be proud to call him friend! In this hope, I remain, sir,

“ Your humble servant,

“ ARCHIBALD CAMPBEL.”

The answer which Campbel received to his letter did not make him repent of his generous exertions in Sir Leoline's behalf, though it made him fear that the judgment which the elector had formed of Hargrave was but too just: the baronet thus expressed himself:—

“ Sir Leoline Hargrave presents his compliments to Mr. Campbel, and acknowledges the receipt of a letter enclosing a draft of six thousand pounds: he accepts the loan till he shall once more return to England, for which he understands Mr. Campbel will shortly embark; and, as he has kindly dis-

pensed him from considering this loan as a personal obligation, he will not insult him by expressing so *vulgar* a feeling as that of gratitude !

“ Sir Leoline is fully sensible of the *honor* conferred on him by Mr. Campbel’s *condescending* interference in his behalf with the elector ; but, as he can trace the decline of his influence and final ruin from the period when his highness publicly affronted his minister to gratify the arrogant vanity of a *philosopher*, he does not *faint* under the burden of his condescension.

“ As philosophers are privileged persons, and as no mortal is so daring as to dispute the infallibility of their judgment, or their heroic zeal in the cause of truth, Sir Leoline will not presume to contradict the very extraordinary doctrines which Mr. Campbel has sported, or to expatiate on the still more extraordinary freedom he has taken with his character. Were he not well acquainted with the *pacific* creed of such *conscientious* gentlemen, and of the person he addresses

in particular, he would return an answer to such calumnies becoming a man of rank. He ventures, however, to request that Mr. Campbel will not flatter himself he is the dupe of his affected benevolence, and cant of disinterested virtue ; and he must once more remind him that he knows the world : at the same time he congratulates him on that happy pliability of principle which has procured him the exalted honor of being allowed to flatter majesty *gratis*, and *preach* in the royal presence without a gown and cassock."

CHAP. XV.

AFTER spending a week at the *Residence*, and receiving marked attention from the elector and his family, Campbel, with his Sophia and Baron Ehrenheim, proceeded on their way to Hamburgh, where they embarked, with a favorable wind, for England. Wishing that their voyage may be as pleasant as prosperous, we will leave them awhile; but, before we return to Eleonor and her friends, we will inquire whether Sir Leoline, as Campbel had suffered himself to hope, abjured his vices, and acted a part worthy of his rank and superior talents.

Galled to the quick that he owed his liberation to the exertions of Campbel, yet obstinately blind to the dignified generosity of his conduct, and sufficiently abject to accept of pecuniary favors, Hargrave, on his release, as we have seen, wrote to the man who had snatched him from a fate, the horrors of which would have been aggravated

by his restless ambition, arrogant temper, and licentious inclination, in the spirit of inveterate malice and insulting irony. The elector had judged him truly : reform was as distant from his thoughts as repentance was foreign to his soul. Though aware that the least imprudence might be attended with fatal consequences, he with difficulty could restrain the inward rage he felt from bursting into haughty defiance when he was commanded to follow the officer who brought the order for his release into the presence of his highness. The prince did not spare him : he not only expressed the reluctance with which he had yielded to Campbel's intercession in his behalf, but warned him, in a peremptory tone, to quit the empire, as he should make his base ingratitude and hypocrisy as public as his ministerial disgrace had been, to put other sovereigns on their guard against so dangerous and artful an encroacher. The baronet needed not this warning ; the family of Dashington had dropped the prosecution, in consideration of

the high provocation he had given, and a sum of money which had been offered them by Sir Leoline's attorney ; Germany was now become hateful to him, and, having the means to satisfy his creditors, he was eager to return to England, again to shine in the hemisphere of fashion, and run the gauntlet of fashionable depravity. In England he arrived, after a safe voyage ; and, though the report of his ministerial disgrace had travelled before him, he met the gaze of curiosity unabashed ; and, through the medium of the public prints, gave a statement (or rather a *mis*-statement) of facts, that exonerated himself at the expense of the elector. His first care was to discharge his debt to Campbel, by paying the money, through his banker, into the hands of Mr. Fairfax : he then hired a magnificent house in one of the squares ; took an opera-dancer under his *protection* ; and being tired of the slavery of keeping a vigilant guard over a wife, he determined never again to fetter himself with

hymeneal bonds, but to retaliate on every husband who had a handsome and coquettish spouse for the disgrace he had incurred with his own. Just after his return, his prudent sister, Mrs. Grafton, took a journey to that “bourne whence no traveller returns,” and where worldly prudence is of no avail : she had married in the full expectation of becoming a wealthy and blooming widow, but, to her just disappointment, she left her worthy husband in good health, and likely to outlive her by twenty years. Such was the fate of the *amiable* Eliza, and the result of her politic plans ! Her death gave little pain to the baronet, who neither sought nor was sought for by his offended sister till she was given over by the physician : she then sent for the baronet, not to express the affectionate fears and anguish of sisterly love, but to reproach him with his ingratitude, and accuse him of having, by his unbrotherly conduct, laid the foundation of the malady that had gradually undermined her health,

and brought her to the grave. Their parting, like their meeting, was mutually void of consolation and affection.

For some time, Hargrave revelled in licentious excess, unchecked by conscience, or the fear of merited chastisement: he gloried in setting the laws of his country at defiance, and braving the vengeance of injured husbands: he twice paid twenty thousand pounds in damages, and twice in duel disarmed the antagonists he had dishonored; but justice at length overtook the selfish unprincipled voluptuary. Having by his arts seduced a beautiful young creature, whose husband, an officer of distinction, was in Ireland, on his return Sir Leoline received a challenge, which he accepted, in the exulting hope that by shooting the colonel through the head he should add a new trophy to his sensual career. Fortune, however, on this occasion, was on the side of justice. The colonel was master of the field, and Hargrave was conveyed to his house mortally wounded. He lingered two days

in speechless agony ; and, after making a last convulsive struggle for life, on the night of the third he died, unlamented even by the dissolute companions of his unwarrantable pursuits, and pitied only by those to whose compassion he had still less claim ! May his fate be a warning to the selfish and the unprincipled ! May they tremble while they recollect that the triumph of vice is of short duration, and that it is succeeded by anguish and despair unutterable !

Let us hasten from the fearful scene to welcome Campbel and his family to England, and procure the swiftest conveyance to bear him to the arms of his revered friend, Mr. Fairfax, and Alexander Lemaire, who are anxiously expecting his return.

CHAP. XVI.

THE reader will picture to himself the delight with which, after so long an absence, Archibald met friends who were so deservedly cherished, and who had hitherto been so deeply regretted. Nor was their joy less vivid: Mr. Fairfax and his lady received him as the anxious parent hails the return of a long-absent and beloved son, and Alexander greeted him with a brother's warmth; nor was Mr. Harlieb much less pleased to see the youth who had shewn them friendship as disinterested as it was ardent. Eleonor, whose affections, with the full approbation of her honored relatives, were fixed on Lemaire, by whom she was as tenderly beloved, welcomed the once-dreaded Campbel with unaffected cordiality. Every unpleasant association was banished in the mind of each party, and they met as brother and sister. Eleonor, on being introduced to Lady Sophia, was

struck with her uncommon beauty, and the interesting expression of her countenance : reserve and pride were qualities unknown to these lovely young ladies ; they were mutually interested and charmed, and they became intimate friends. Campbel soon discovered the mutual inclination which subsisted between Miss Fairfax and Alexander Lemaire : he was delighted at the discovery, and he congratulated his friend on his restoration to love and happiness.

A few weeks after his return to England, Campbel witnessed the completion of Alexander's vows : the lovely Eleonor, with blushing hopes of felicity, bestowed her hand on her lover, to whom she was united in the presence of their mutual friends : Mr. Harlieb gave her away, and Mr. Luke Malden, at her particular request, came to town to perform the marriage ceremony. Mr. Harlieb received Eleonor as the worthy substitute of his lamented daughter ; but, while he kissed her with thankful affection, tears of paternal anguish bedewed his cheek,

and even the fond transports of the bridegroom were for a moment suspended, to pay a last tribute to the memory of the unfortunate Agnes. - Yet, be under no alarm, gentle reader, for the future happiness of the bride ! She is united to one of the most honorable of men, and her sweet affectionate disposition cannot fail to secure a husband's lasting tenderness, while her superior understanding will command his esteem !

Campbel maintained a friendly correspondence with Mr. Job Gilson, Captain Fitzpatric, and Count St. Hubert, and, soon after his return from the continent, he was agreeably surprised by the unexpected arrival of his college friend, Frederic Delmore, who, having lost both his parents in the West Indies, after settling his affairs, quitted Jamaica to fix his residence in England. He met Campbel with a pleasure that was only damped by the recent and cruel loss he had sustained, and their juvenile intimacy was renewed. Another and still more

agreeable surprise was in reserve for Archibald: the French lady who had been the means of saving his life, having lost her husband, who, as she prophetically foretold, fell a sacrifice to revolutionary violence, fled to England with the little property she could save from the grasp of his rapacious persecutors. There she for some time lived in obscurity, till accident again threw her in the way of Campbel. He had the heartfelt satisfaction to prevail on her to accept of his assistance, and he introduced her to his Sophia, and their mutual friends. Their sympathy and delicate attentions soothed her agitated spirits, and gradually alleviated the deep affliction which a beloved husband's untimely fate had created.

THE END.





UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS-URBANA



3 0112 039439978